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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE oddest remark made in the House of Commons this week was Mr. Baldwin's plea that the election should be held during the "lull" in the international situation. Mr. Lloyd George and others naturally wanted to know how a lull, if there is one, had been purchased just at the time when the League is supposed to be going to make its maximum effort to stop Mussolini. In reply we have only the Government's promise that they will agree to no settlement which is not honourable and that no assurance has been given to the Duce except that we do not contemplate military sanctions. But M. Laval, who is now talking of a bargain in which the Duce will withdraw troops from Libya and Great Britain withdraw battleships from the Mediterranean, is obviously still struggling, with British acquiescence, for a settlement of some sort before economic sanctions are applied. In the circumstances Mr. Baldwin might have spared us a comic speech about his reasons for choosing November 14th for the election. The choice has nothing to do with Christmas shopping, the summer holidays, the budget, the date of Easter or the position of the planet Jupiter. It is chosen for the perfectly sensible Party reason that if the international situation deteriorates, the Opposition would be able to put its case much more effectively before the country.

Evading the Issue

The Government's refusal to bring forward the new unemployment regulations, or give any hint of them, before the election, is described by the *Times* as depriving the Socialists of an "electoral Aunt Sally." That if the new regulations had been produced they would have provided Labour candidates with plenty to shy at we do not doubt. But would such shying have been in any way unfair or irrelevant, as the *Times* seems to imply? Surely not. The fair treatment of the unemployed is one of the most vital British interests; and the electors, in work or out of it, have a clear claim to know what the Government proposes to do about unemployment relief if it is given a fresh lease of power. Naturally Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues greatly prefer to contest the election on issues which will leave this and other vital questions of domestic policy shrouded in mystery. For the same reason they refuse to accede to the Labour Party's request for a debate before the dissolution on the question of the depressed areas. On this subject least said is soonest mended, so far as the election campaign is concerned. If the electors will consent to buy a pig in a poke so much the better for the "National" candidates; the indications are that neither about the distressed areas nor about unemployment relief will the Government, when it must speak, have anything very comforting to say. As matters stand, Labour speakers will push these issues to the front as far as they can; but the *Times* is right in suggesting that

their efforts are likely to be less effective than they would be if the Government could be forced plainly to declare what it intends to do.

"Chronic" Unemployment

Plenty of use will no doubt be made during the election of the figures which have become available this week based on the latest of the periodical Ministry of Labour inquiries into the nature and distribution of unemployment. These figures show that, of all men recorded as unemployed, no less than one-quarter have been out of work continuously for more than a year. In other words, over 360,000 men have been idle for more than a year on end, and of these well over 225,000 have been in this position for more than two years, and no less than 85,000 for more than four years. Nor do these figures tell the whole story; for there must be very many more who have experienced only one or two short spells of employment over the same periods. Among women there is far less chronic unemployment, largely because the practice of short-time working in the textile trades spreads a limited volume of employment over a much larger number of persons. In the case of men, the Ministry's report brings out very clearly the exceptional prevalence of chronic unemployment in coal mining, which accounts for practically a quarter of those who have been out of work continuously for a year or more. Finally, the figures show very markedly the tendency for chronic unemployment to fall principally on the older workers. More than 70 per cent. of the group of workers whose continuous unemployment has lasted for over five years are over 45 years of age. Moral:—clean up the depressed areas and pension off the older workers in the depressed areas and industries. The Government may refuse to disclose its intentions or to debate the issues; but it cannot get away from the plain moral of the facts.

The League's Progress

On paper, the League has done pretty well over economic sanctions. It has gone to the length of recommending a complete boycott of Italian exports, which in our opinion is calculated to have more real effect than all the other possible economic measures put together. It has "embargoed" arms destined for Italian use, and raised the ban on arms for Abyssinia. It has declared generally in favour of a financial boycott of Italy; and finally it has scheduled a preliminary list of key commodities of which supplies to Italy are to be discontinued. This list is, indeed, still far too narrow to have much effect on Italian ability to carry on the war; but it is suggested that further commodities are to be added in the near future. So far, so good; but it still remains doubtful when the proposed sanctions, except the arms embargo, are to come into force, and even whether they will ever be effectively enforced at all. No date has been fixed for actually applying them, but only a date for a further meeting of the League Committee which is to fix the date. This is as far as the French—to say nothing of the Swiss and Austrians and other more positive objectors—could be pushed, even after Mr. Eden's most urgent persuasions. It is better than nothing, as a first step; but it is not, by itself, a great deal. The longer a positive embargo on trade with Italy is delayed, the less effective it is bound to be; for the Italians, now forewarned of the League's plans, can use the breathing-space for replenishing their stocks of threatened materials, and dumping abroad as many exports as they can hurry out of the country.

Laval and the Fascists

Why has M. Laval, who is known to be closely associated with the extreme Right in French politics, suddenly begun to angle for Left support? His reply to the British Government's request for a promise of assistance if the British fleet were attacked in the Mediterranean was not the warm and unambiguous statement we might have liked, but it was certainly not calculated to please the Right, while the decrees curtailing the activities of the Croix de Feu and other Fascist organisations is obviously a gesture of conciliation to the Radicals who have long been demanding some such measures—even though they are far too mild to mean anything. The explanation is that the Radicals meet in conference this week to decide on future policy, and that M. Laval, who can be defeated, as things stand to-day, by a united vote of the Left in the Chamber, hopes to detach M. Daladier and the Left Radical Socialists from the *Front Populaire*. If he succeeds he will be able, for a time at least, to remain in office and to pose as the saviour of French democracy. And he may succeed; because while leaders of the *Front Populaire* can scarcely fail to understand this manoeuvre, M. Daladier may easily argue that, if M. Laval is turned out, neither he nor M. Blum could easily form a Government or maintain it if it was formed. M. Laval's latest manoeuvre is unpleasantly reminiscent of similar events in countries that have since gone Fascist, and his sop to the Left should not blind anyone to the fact that he is trying to drive a wedge between the groups of the *Front Populaire*, and that Fascism may thereby be strengthened rather than weakened.

The Government and the Miners

With the miners, the Government are manifestly playing the same game of evasion as with the unemployed. Nationally, there is complete deadlock between the Miners' Federation and the colliery owners—on the one hand, the demand for national negotiations and a national settlement, and on the other a blank refusal to treat at all, except on the basis of separate discussions in each coalfield. From the miners' standpoint district negotiations are plainly useless; for it is admitted that the district ascertainments do not show, in most areas, an ability to pay the wage advances which the men demand. This means, in plain English, that the coal industry, as it is now organised, cannot afford to pay a living wage. The miners' claim is that it shall be reorganised on national lines, and payment of a living wage made a first charge upon it. The Government's reply is to express a pious wish for national negotiations, in the full knowledge that the colliery owners will not agree to that unless they are coerced. This reply leaves the miners, reluctant as they are to invoke the strike weapon, with no course open to them except either strike or surrender. But surrender is out of the question in the present state of feeling in the coalfields. So far as one can see nothing will avert a strike unless the Government tackles the question of reorganisation.

The South Wales Strikes

In this connection, a special significance belongs to the series of "stop-down" strikes in South Wales. The

direct issue involved in these strikes, in which the men have devised—or rather adopted from the Hungarian miners—a new propagandist method, is not that of wages, but that of " non-unionism," which rouses even stronger passions. Nothing makes workmen angrier than to have their jobs taken from them by men whom they regard as blacklegs; and there can be no doubt that the stalwarts of the South Wales Miners' Federation do so regard the members of the so-called " non-political " or " industrial " union. This is admittedly a body encouraged and fostered by certain colliery companies in the hopes of breaking the strength of the South Wales Miners' Federation. It could not last a week without help from these companies, and its existence as a potential source of blackleg labour is bitterly resented. Similar conditions, making for bad feeling, exist in certain of the Midland coalfields; but even where there are no " non-political " Unions to complicate the issue, there can be no doubt of the deep and rapidly growing unrest among the miners in all parts. For years they have put up with miserable pay—the average weekly earning over the whole country is round about 45*s.* a week. Now they have realised that, unless they take action, this degradation of their standard of living is likely to last indefinitely. They would sooner risk a strike than tamely accept their fate.

Lord Hewart on Divorce

In the *Daily Telegraph* two articles appeared on Monday and Tuesday by the Lord Chief Justice in favour of making the Divorce Law more reasonable and increasing the number of cases in which a divorce could be obtained. On Wednesday Lord Merivale, in a speech to the Magistrates' Association, said that " There were chatterers who published statements about easier divorce and relief from unhappy marriages. But they did not realise how matters stood with the facilities there were now." Of course, he cannot be supposed to have been referring in these terms to Lord Hewart, but it is surprising that an ex-President of the Divorce Court should appear to defend what the Lord Chief Justice calls " the dead hand of obsolete or obsolescent law." We believe that the majority of people in this country agree with Lord Hewart that reforms in the Divorce Law are both desirable and inevitable. It is unusual, if not unprecedented, for a Lord Chief Justice to write newspaper articles on a controversial subject. But in this case he is justified by the survival of laws which are not only cruel but illogical.

Lord Carson

Any man of unusual force and resolution who stakes all for a single cause and maintains his allegiance to the end deserves respect, and usually wins it—unless it is too unpopular a cause, in which case he may only obtain recognition long after his death. On this count of honest fanaticism Lord Carson has rightly earned a meed of praise from his generation. That he was a great advocate (though an indifferent lawyer), that he was a man of immense vigour and a redoubtable fighter, everyone agrees. But what did he fight for? Some would say to keep the Empire together even at the cost of civil war; we should rather say—and most people would now agree—to prevent Southern Ireland obtaining freedom from an alien rule. Carson was the chief organiser of armed rebellion in Ulster, the most boldly defiant plotter, the leading spirit in gun-running and the most unrepentant advocate of treason. It was he who wrecked the compromise which Asquith made possible in March, 1914, when he proposed that any Ulster County might vote itself out of the Home Rule Bill for six years. At the Buckingham Palace Conference Carson was the most obstinate opponent of any agreed settlement. The European war prevented civil war and Carson was foremost in recruiting his volunteers to serve in the British army. As a Minister in time of war he was not generally accounted a success by his colleagues, but he was a powerful opponent of " premature peace talk " and an important influence in the intrigue which (from a military point of view very wisely) substituted Mr. Lloyd George for Mr. Asquith. After the war he showed that he had forgotten nothing of his Ulster allegiance; he made no protest against the Black and Tans and remained a bitter opponent of a settlement with Sinn Fein. Even after he had been made a Lord of Appeal in 1922, he made incursions into politics on behalf of the Irish Protestants, justifying himself, when rebuked by his old rebel associate, Lord Birkenhead, by saying that he was willing to resign and cared nothing for salary or office in comparison with honour. His allegiance to Ulster still came before his allegiance to the constitution which it was his duty to uphold. We may respect this fanaticism; but it is surely an odd commentary on British public life that this indubitable rebel should have been made a judge and that to-day he receives undiluted praise from the united Conservative and constitutional press. If he had been an equally fanatical rebel for Southern Ireland—as, for instance, Roger Casement was—what would the respectable men in high places have said? If the plea is that Carson was a good friend, a powerful personality, one of the greatest pleaders who has ever cajoled an English jury and a successful organiser of rebellion, we grant it willingly. But that he was also a political disaster, and, after the Ulster episode of 1913, the last man who should have been given any authority to pass judgment on other breakers of the law, seems to us equally incontrovertible.

" ABYSSINIA "

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is reprinting the Abyssinian Supplement from our issue of September 7th, for free distribution " to provide American public opinion with accurate information on the present European crisis." This supplement formed part of the sixpenny pamphlet —*Abyssinia*, by Vigilantes—which we published a month ago. Three editions, totalling over 25,000 copies, are nearly exhausted. A braille copy is being made by the National Library for the Blind and at least one foreign translation is in preparation. The pamphlet analyses the National Government's record in the Italo-Abyssinian conflict and discusses the whole issue of sanctions. We believe that this pamphlet will prove to be of real importance during the Election campaign.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

COOL HEADS AND COLD FEET

SIR SAMUEL HOARE'S eagerly awaited speech in the House on Tuesday told us little that was new. It dotted the i's and crossed the t's of previous statements of Great Britain's loyalty to the League, of our old friendship for Italy, of our resolution to take no single-handed action. It cleared up some lingering doubt about the willingness of France to support us in case of an attack on our forces in the Mediterranean; the French answer, said Sir Samuel, is "completely satisfactory and the solidarity of the two countries is established." All this may be hailed as a vindication of the Government's policy—their present policy, that is; the Foreign Secretary's attempt to justify past policy carries no conviction to those who know the facts. But a closer scrutiny raises grave doubts. The British Government have taken the lead in enforcing the Covenant. Do they mean to keep that lead? They have made the necessary preparations for sanctions—some sanctions—deliberately and coolly. Are they going to see to it that these sanctions are effectively applied? Or have they together with cool heads got cold feet? In certain passages of Sir Samuel Hoare's speech, and in the general tone of it, as well as in diplomatic activities behind the scene, there is all too much ground for suspicion.

The war has now been going on for something over three weeks. The invaders, though they have not yet progressed very far, have occupied a substantial slice of Abyssinian territory. They have done a deal of damage and have killed and wounded considerable numbers of the poorly armed Abyssinians. They even admit to some losses on their own side, though most of these casualties, as it is cynically put, are "only natives." A further advance is expected any day, with more slaughter and destruction. Meanwhile the League has made what Sir Samuel Hoare calls "steady rather than sensational progress." Sensational it certainly has not been. It has been agreed, in principle, to apply certain economic sanctions. The only one of them which is likely to have any serious effect is the ban on imports from Italy. But even about this there are delays, hesitations and reservations. The delegates have gone home from Geneva to think about it; they will return on October 31st, and then, after more discussion presumably, will fix a date on which the sanctions will begin, or will be supposed to begin, to come into force. It may be weeks yet, if not months, before the pressure is put on, and even then there will be leakages, faint-heartedness and bad faith, together with intrigues by vested interests and reactionary politicians to prevent anything effective from being done. Mussolini sees no great reason for anxiety in all this, and openly says so, especially while his good friend M. Laval continues his work of disloyalty to the League.

Nor is this all. The British Government are now at pains to assure him that military sanctions are no part of their policy. We, of course, knew, and so did he, that to refuse facilities to Italian ships in the Canal is not contemplated at present by our Government or any other, and that France will only agree to it, if at all, as a result of British insistence. But a peculiar emphasis was laid by Sir Samuel Hoare on this point. Did he mean it to be understood that in no circumstances in the future, even supposing economic sanctions proved ineffectual, supposing the Italian aggression went on from bad to worse, would such a step as the closing of the Suez Canal be thought of by the League Powers? There are signs that he is interpreted that way in Rome. This speech, linked with such private words as may have been dropped into the Duce's ears and with the public assurances he has had of our earnest desire for a peaceful settlement, has given him further encouragement. They are talking in Italy to-day of our "climbing down." Are they deluding themselves? When Sir Samuel Hoare said, "There is still a breathing space before economic pressure is applied; can it not be used for another attempt at a settlement?" was he merely making another rhetorical appeal? Or was he hinting that there is something definite afoot? And if so, what is it?

Sir Samuel referred in another passage to his hope of an "honourable settlement, honourable and acceptable to all three parties, to the League, to Italy and to Abyssinia." Is it possible, as things stand to-day, to envisage such a settlement? We are not suggesting that because Signor Mussolini is a robber and an assassin that it is out of the question to treat with him. The trouble is that he is—or believes himself to be—a successful robber. He has snapped his fingers at our protests, rejected our offers with contempt, and made light of such warnings as he has had. He has marched into Abyssinia in violation of his covenants and taken by guns and bombs a part of what he is not entitled to; he wants more yet and is confident that he can get it by the same foul means. What terms can the League negotiate which would be acceptable both to him and to the Ethiopian Emperor, let alone honourable to itself? The proposals of the Committee of Five, justifiable, no doubt, when they were made, as a condition of Italy's abjuring war, went to the limits of what could be considered fair. But they were repudiated by Mussolini a few weeks ago, and it can hardly be supposed that he has changed his mind as a result of what has happened since.

There remains, however, the possibility of a settlement, or an attempt at a settlement, of a very different kind. We will call it for short the "dirty deal." M. Laval, as we know only too well, would have no compunction about an arrangement which would give the Italians 90 per cent. of what they demand. We hope that the British Government, and we are sure that the vast majority of the British nation, would demur to that. In any case, Abyssinia would not willingly accept dismemberment and bondage to Italy, and any attempt to enforce such a scandalous bargain would break up the League. But to say that does not dispose of the matter. There are people in this country and in others who have no objection to the break up of the League, and who, indeed, are pressing the British Government to prepare for, if not actually to engineer, that contingency. The thing could be managed with a fine show of propriety. We begin with the economic sanctions, applied in a way that will not seriously incommode Mussolini. When their futility is patent, we may try the "dirty deal"—or let M. Laval try it, without committing ourselves to an extent that would scandalise public opinion. On this breaking down, we can point to the uselessness of the League, put the blame on France, shake the dust of Geneva off our feet and go on cheerfully with the work of re-arming ourselves. We are loth to

believe that the British Government have any such programme in mind. But there are many who do believe it, and they find support for their suspicion in Sir Samuel Hoare's emphatic repudiation of military sanctions, coupled with a later passage in his speech. If, he said—

> If the machinery of collective security proves to be effective, a gain of immense value will have been achieved. If it fails, a heavy disappointment will have fallen upon all those who desire to eliminate war as an instrument of national policy, and an equally heavy responsibility on those who have wavered in the cause.

It is true that, if the League fails in this crisis, the heaviest blame will rest on the French. M. Laval's conduct has been not only disgusting, but also, as it seems to us, utterly misguided from the point of view of French interests. Sir Austen Chamberlain has reminded him again this week of the risk he is running of losing British support when and if Mussolini's aggression is succeeded by Hitler's. M. Laval proclaims that the motto of his Government is "The Covenant, the whole Covenant, and nothing but the Covenant." What would he say, if the German armies were in France, and the British Prime Minister made a similar profession of attachment to the League, while doing his best, publicly and privately, to further the designs of the Führer? But the responsibility for failure now will not be France's only; we shall have our share in it. The British Government have in this last month or two turned over a new leaf. They have taken the leadership in Europe, rallied a great part of the world to the defence of the Covenant, and put the system of collective security on the map. They have exerted pressure on a reluctant France, and have pushed her and other wavereys into voting for sanctions which, if boldly and loyally carried out, would strike a heavy blow at the Italians. Are they, under sinister influences from within or without, now repenting of their virtue? If that suspicion does them injustice, let them prove it. The proof is easy; it means keeping up and even increasing the pressure for the enforcement of sanctions against the aggressor.

THE CROWNED REPUBLIC

[BY A CORRESPONDENT]

THE Royalist *coup d'état* can have surprised nobody in Greece and few people outside it. Ever since Kondylis's profession of the monarchist faith in the summer it has been likely that something of the kind would be attempted; as early as July Crete, intermittently cut off from the mainland by shipping strikes, was full of rumours that it had already been accomplished. General Kondylis is essentially a soldier; he began his career as a private, and eleven years ago claimed to have already taken part in fifty-two engagements; in a country where the Army is not discouraged from playing a part in politics he enjoys huge prestige as a man of action. Since the suppression of the Venizelist revolution last March he has had the immediately effective forces of Greece—in fact, the armed forces—at his back. Clearly M. Tsaldaris with his legal education and his "constitutional" Royalist views and his indecision could not hold out against him for ever; the man of action always has an instant advantage, no matter in what his activity may consist. And so the other day M. Tsaldaris, alighting from his car, was accosted and politely requested to resign; and General Kondylis takes his place as Prime Minister, and, what is more, Regent.

Greece is for the time being a "Crowned Republic," and the new Government is busy issuing fervent appeals for law and order. How far yet another *coup d'état* will conduce to stability is open to doubt. The Plebiscite, it is true, is still to be held on November 3rd; and admirers of General Kondylis will remind us how as Premier in 1926, after deposing Greece's one modern Dictator, M. Pangalos, he pledged himself to resign after the elections, and, having ensured the fairest elections (it is said) the country has known, kept his word. Still, to proclaim the restoration of the monarchy is an odd way of ensuring an unbiased Plebiscite.

The feeling of Greece has changed since March. Then, an attempt to restore the monarchy might have met with general acquiescence; certainly it would have found no organised resistance. Republican opinion was cowed by the failure of the Venizelist revolt. The Venizelist officers in both Army and Navy—and the Venizelists were among the best of their officers—were fugitives or under arrest; prominent Venizelist citizens were either just emerging from "preventive arrest"—and a "preventive arrest" needed little excuse during the revolution—or awaiting trial for complicity, with the prospect of seeing their property and that of their immediate relatives confiscated by the Government. (M. Venizelos's large new house in Athens was, of course, seized without much ado; rumour said, however, that he had taken the precaution of mortgaging it heavily.) Though to a reader of the foreign press the action of the Government after the collapse of the revolt may have looked like clemency, to an observer in Greece the clemency was not so marked. It is true that only three people were executed: two elderly retired army officers, and one officer who was actively concerned (though no more actively than scores of others) in the revolt in Macedonia; he was shot in deference to the howl for blood which greeted the news that no death sentences had been passed at the first court-martial, that of officers involved in the revolt in Athens. Still, three shootings is enough to go on with, and the public degradation, with its opportunities for hooliganism, of the officers who escaped with life sentences or long terms of imprisonment, was scarcely calculated to encourage the rest. But for diplomatic persuasion, there would certainly have been more executions; it is probably not realised outside Greece how narrowly the Opposition leaders escaped expiating with their lives the shooting of the five Royalist ministers after the Asia Minor disaster in 1922.

Indeed, at the end of the March revolution the general feeling of the country was anti-Venizelist. M. Venizelos's supporters were shocked by his part, however passive, in a revolution which seemed inexcusable with elections not far ahead; to many of them his disgrace was a profound personal grief. Even the peasants to whom he had been a hero—and peasants are indiscriminately tenacious of a personal loyalty—declared that he had this time done a great wrong: he had disturbed the country, taken men away from their fields, caused brother to fight against brother, and above all brought a rise in prices. As for the Royalist populace, it was in a frenzy, and a train-load of Republican civilian prisoners on its way to the Peloponnese was nearly lynched. The trial of the men accused of the attempt on M. Venizelos's life in the previous summer was joyfully ended by the release of the defendants; the most notorious of them was cheered through the streets of Athens. It seemed to have escaped notice that though M. Venizelos had been unwounded, though Mme. Venizelos had received only minor injuries, a man had been killed in the attack.

In March, then, a Restoration might have been effected by constitutional means. But the Government could not have at once attempted it without in part justifiying the retort of the revolutionaries: that they had acted in defence of the Republic to forestall a Royalist coup. Instead elections were hurried on, and the Tsaldarist Government was returned with a large majority by "constitutional" monarchists and by Republicans who, in the absence of their own candidates, put their trust in M. Tsaldaris's moderation. Now the country has had time to re-orientate itself; Republican opinion has re-formed, and active opposition to the idea of monarchy has once more made itself felt. Had the extreme Royalists believed that the feeling of Greece was preponderatingly in their favour, they

might surely have confidently waited for the result of the Plebiscite; that they have not waited for it can mean nothing but lack of confidence and a desire to force the issue.

The Government policy towards the refugees has not helped to detach them, at any rate, from Republicanism. The refugees are, of course, solidly anti-monarchist; their settlements around Athens are strongholds of Venizelism. Greece is a country in which the humblest government official may owe his post to his party; a change of Government may mean not only a new Minister of Communications, but also a new postman and a new man at the turnstile in the museum. Most Governments have contented themselves with re-shuffling the posts doled out by their predecessors; the peasant who acted as custodian at a small local museum in Arcadia, let us say, would be exchanged with his counterpart in the Argolid; each would be separated from his family, his house and his bit of land, presumably to teach him better politics. Since the March Revolution many refugees have found themselves not merely re-shuffled, but dismissed altogether from their employment. Those who had no Government jobs to lose have been plagued in other ways: for instance, the 'bus in which a refugee had, on settling, invested his Government loan, would be transferred from a profitable to an unprofitable route.

Persecution has, naturally, not been confined to the refugees; it has affected all classes of former Venizelists. In the learned professions there has been some malicious re-shuffling, and a number of University professors have actually lost their posts; the Army and Navy, of course, have been thoroughly "purged." Roughly speaking, Venizelism has generally been supported in Athens by the middle classes and the intellectuals (though some of these are now turning Communist), by all classes in the Piraeus and such parts of Greece as Macedonia and Crete; though they no longer owe allegiance to M. Venizelos himself, these sections of opinion have not forgotten their Republicanism and are not likely to be permanently tolerant of a monarchy. Crete in particular is recalcitrant. Last summer, at a time when nobody on the mainland would have dared publicly to support him, a Cretan village was displaying an electioneering poster of M. Venizelos; somebody had stuck a flower in his buttonhole. The Cretans have even played with the idea of breaking away from Greece. The island could hardly subsist independently, but one sees why the new Regent appealed specially to its people for allegiance.

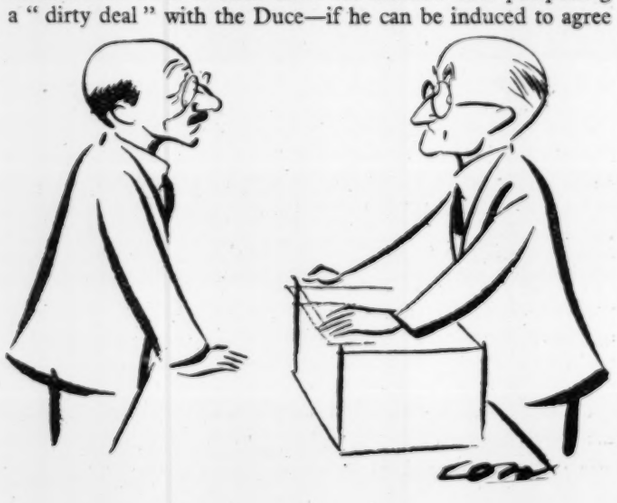
Old Greece, and particularly the Peloponnese, is generally Royalist; in Athens Royalist politics are supported by wealth and aristocracy. With Society, in fact; it is a matter partly of snobbishness, partly of self-interest; the wealthy classes in Greece have a terror of Communism out of proportion to its immediate possibilities. In this connection it is worth remembering that General Kondylis in 1924 was putting forward an anti-Communist programme. Even so, it is doubtful whether his *coup d'état* will be approved by non-militant Royalists, who, like all reasonable people, are sick of revolutions. The absence of open resistance seems to indicate a certain apathy on the part of urban Republicans; an apathy, however, which is unlikely to persist. The provinces are usually unaffected by Athenian political crises; but already in the village cafés they will be shaking their heads and talking of ἔξοδα, expenses; the peasant's first objection to monarchy is financial, a natural objection to paying for the luxury, not of a king only, but also of a king's relatives. But there is a deeper disinclination. The Greeks are at heart democratic; wealth may separate the Athenian banker from the Boeotian peasant, but the social barrier means nothing to the peasant. They are also violent individualists; they cannot be regimented. For the moment the discomfort of political instability, the anxiety of financial instability, may produce a bullied and exhausted acquiescence in the idea of monarchy; may even produce a despairing desire to be rid of the responsibility of choice. But not for long; the elements of disruption are there, and sooner or later any form of government which has been put on the people without its free election will be violently and probably bloodily rejected.

A LONDON DIARY

I REMEMBER thinking, as I heard Sir Samuel Hoare make his famous pronouncement at Geneva, that no speaker had ever created so much impression with so little oratorical art. Everyone was amazed. They were used to Sir John Simon speaking with the tongues of men and of angels and yet convincing no one, but here was a British Foreign Secretary who said something definite and sounded as if he meant it. On Tuesday I listened to Sir Samuel in the House. The same unattractive voice and flat delivery, but now occasionally relieved by that peculiar gesture with which Sir Samuel lifts up his open hands and brings them down emphatically on the table in front of him. But this time the effect was quite different and the very opposite of forcible. "Sound man," whispered a stranger next to me. Outside people were freely saying that Sir Samuel had made a clever speech addressed mainly to Mussolini, but with one eye on the election. Everyone was amused by what Major Attlee called Sir Samuel's chivalry to Sir John Simon when he declared that there had been complete continuity of British policy in foreign policy, and his reply to the unanswerable charge that it was not until September that we ever let Mussolini know that we meant to use the Covenant seriously could not have imposed on a schoolboy. The question which everyone asked after his speech was which of the Cabinet's two voices is now in the ascendant. Mr. Eden has apparently been going too fast and too far for his colleagues, and it is common gossip in Geneva as well as here that he only agreed to the latest postponement with great reluctance. Now that Sir Samuel has in effect told Mussolini that we do not intend to try to ginger the French up into co-operating with us in stopping Italian transport through the Suez Canal, the common assumption is that sooner or later there is to be a deal resulting in the end of Abyssinian independence. When Sir Herbert Samuel said that no settlement would be honourable that infringed Abyssinian sovereignty and which Abyssinia did not accept, Sir Samuel Hoare nodded assent. How far one wonders are these really safeguards in the circumstances?

* * *

It certainly looks as if the Government has got cold feet or, as Low puts it, are trying to get under the bed. And if they have decided in no circumstances to press for a blockade of the Suez, even if economic sanctions are ineffective, I am not surprised that they should be making last-minute appeals to the Duce. A long drawn out economic boycott will be very difficult to sustain, and the Admiralty is known to be uncomfortable about the British Fleet, which is sailing round the Mediterranean without any adequate harbour as a base. In comparison with the issues involved for the whole world, the effect of all these events on the British election seems a trifle, but from the electoral point of view the Government have obviously a strong reason for seeming to continue their initiative at Geneva until after the election and postponing a "dirty deal" with the Duce—if he can be induced to agree



to one at all—until they are safely in office again. The pundits of both camps now put Labour gains at about 150 seats, which would give them a little over 200 Members in the next House, but if the conclusion of all our brave talk at Geneva is only to carve up Abyssinia and to rearm at home—what Major Attlee well calls an "undertaker's mandate"—one of the incidental results will be a much larger number of Labour gains.

* * *

There is to be no suggestion of unfairness in the allocation of broadcasts in this election. The Government is making a generous gesture in only asking for five Talks, while allowing Labour four and the Liberals three. A good deal will depend on the choice of speakers on the wireless. The Government has a number of excellent broadcasters. Mr. Baldwin is superlatively good—that slow, reassuring, mellow voice and responsible manner make just the right impression, and even Mr. MacDonald, who used to tear his beautiful baritone to bits by tub-thumping over the microphone, is now a good broadcaster, and has learnt to say "worrld" instead of "worrrld." Both the Liberals and Labour have good broadcasters, too, but on the Labour side I am not sure that the best have been chosen. I could name at least one Labour broadcaster who is not amongst the best-known politicians; but who would be worth many thousands of votes to Labour.

* * *

I have heard lively discussions recently about the actual sum of money paid to the Paris press to support Mussolini. I do not know whether it is more or less than the sums paid by Tsarist Russia before the war when Izvolsky said that it advertised Russia in a way that would have been indecent if Russia had been a toothpaste. When Baron Aloisi was making his most grotesque speeches at Geneva the price is said to have gone up, because some of the less disreputable papers wanted a higher bribe if they were to make themselves publicly ridiculous. In the notorious case when a paper supposed to be closely in touch with M. Laval and the Quai d'Orsay declared that France would never support sanctions, the explanation given me was that the owner of the paper cherished the hope of shortly becoming French Ambassador in Rome. It is obvious that this reptile press, already largely in the hands of the banks, of the armament firms and indeed of anyone who will pay enough, would also support a Fascist coup in France. What troubles me more is the report from friends, French and English, who have recently been in Paris, about the state of mind of the non-political middle-class.

* * *

They report that ordinary middle-class Parisians are quite apathetic about the danger to their liberties. They do not know about the bribery of the pro-Fascist press and even seem not very much to care when they are told; they are naturally wearied with the futility of the French parliamentary system and tend to say that a dictatorship—a mild, unrepressive one, they suggest!—would be the best thing for France. The failure of the French parliamentary system is, of course, the strongest card of the various Fascist leagues, which a strong government would have put down long ago. My friends tell me that no one in Paris believes that Great Britain is in any way disinterested in the Abyssinian dispute and that our betrayal of France in making the naval agreement with Germany is universally quoted. Why, they say, should England expect France's support for the British Navy in the Mediterranean on what they regard as a British quarrel when we made a unilateral naval agreement with Germany just after promising the French to do nothing without consulting them? Of course, all this mainly applies to the middle-class opinion of Paris and not to the large provincial towns which are strongly anti-Fascist. Though many of the peasants are Fascist for the moment, one would expect violent resistance from the Midi as well as from the organised workers and politically educated section of the middle-class, and everyone agrees that the *Front Populaire* is powerful and capable of prolonged resistance. The most important feature of all I believe to be the deflation: if France had gone off the gold standard many of the most discontented and dangerous elements would still have been staunch democrats.

* * *

I conclude this week with the best political jest I have seen for many years. The author is Sagittarius.

Dit Laval "Mes baisers vont en vente";
Dit Il Duce "Ma bouche est ardente";
"Une belle liaison,"
Eden dit, "ça fait raison,
But to hell with your double entente!"

CRITIC

UNCLE ARTHUR

EVERY newspaper this week has told the story of Arthur Henderson's life, from his apprenticeship as a moulder in Newcastle to the final episode of his presidency of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva. It was a life of almost uninterrupted public work—strenuous and singularly selfless work for his party, his country and humanity. When I say selfless I do not of course mean that he despised power and publicity; that would suggest that he was, in Aristotle's phrase, not a man but a god or a beast. I mean that he put his principles and the cause he served first, and his own position second—a long way second. He began his political career last century as a Liberal. But his heart was in the Labour movement, and from the moment when, in 1903, he won Barnard Castle for the Labour Representation Committee, he put his head as well as his heart into the task of building up the nascent Labour Party. He was not, and he never pretended to be, a revolutionary or a doctrinaire; but of the genuineness of his socialist, as of his religious, faith there was no question. He was cautious in committing himself to a policy, but once convinced, he would stick to it.

He does not rank among the great parliamentarians. He had no natural gift of rhetoric, nor was he a "Rupert of debate." What he had, to compensate for lack of brilliance, was weight, steadiness, a sound practical judgment of men and situations, and above all a genius for organisation. As Secretary of the Party—chief of staff, so to speak—he built up a machine to whose efficiency its opponents are the first to testify. And, being the man he was, he saw to it that the party on which he lavished such jealous care should be something more than a machine. He appreciated the importance of the young, and encouraged them; he preferred, if possible, to conciliate rather than excommunicate heretics and rebels. He was, in fact, Uncle Arthur.

When Labour took office in 1929 Henderson was at the zenith of his powers. He was the most widely trusted of the party leaders, enjoying the confidence alike of the political and the industrial wings. His appointment as Foreign Secretary was universally welcomed—except perhaps by Mr. Thomas, who, it is no secret, coveted the post for himself. Any doubts about Henderson's capacity in international affairs were soon dispelled. The conduct of the Foreign Office was the outstanding success in that melancholy administration, and Henderson won and deserved a high reputation as a European statesman. Incidentally those who had not known him learned a good deal about his qualities—his sincerity and simplicity (a simplicity that was coupled with great shrewdness), his courage that was sometimes a disconcerting obstinacy, his temper, which could be hot, but which never left any rancour behind. There was no question about his being the boss in Downing Street any more than in the Labour Party office; but neither in the one nor the other did that mean tyranny or inconsiderateness to his staff. He was not only a just man, but generous, kindly and genial behind what, to a stranger, might seem a rather forbidding exterior. Of the many stories told of him at the Foreign Office I can quote only one. When the Lateran agreement was concluded between Italy and the Vatican, an official suggested that he should send telegrams of

congratulation to Mussolini and the Pope. "Why should I?" asked Uncle Arthur, and having listened patiently to the answer, settled the matter in a sentence. "I shall send no telegram to the Pope; I am a Wesleyan. I shall send no telegram to Mussolini; I have denounced him in a public speech as the murderer of Matteotti."

His last years were clouded by ill-health. The crisis of 1931, the treachery of Mr. MacDonald, the collapse of the Labour Party in the elections, as well as his own defeat at Burnley—all this, coming on top of the two years' strain at the Foreign Office, hit him very hard. It was as a sick man, in constant pain, but concealing it or mastering it with indomitable courage, that he toiled at the Disarmament Conference. For the failure of that Conference, which was so bitter a disappointment to him, he was of course in no sense to blame, and he had at least the happiness that comes from fighting even a losing battle for a great ideal. And it is not by this failure, but by what he achieved in his long career—and by the sterling qualities which enabled him to achieve it—that he will live in history. C. M. LLOYD

LEAGUE PERSONALITIES

Arthur Henderson and Señor de Madariaga

This week we reproduce Kapp's delightful impression of Señor de Madariaga, in two aspects, talking to himself. The original of this drawing is now on exhibition at the British Museum. A critical character sketch of Señor de Madariaga, written with obvious affection and some regret, will be found on page 597. Of the drawing Señor de Madariaga himself wrote to Kapp: "I shall not fail to recommend your cruel drawing to my enemies. As to my friends, they will rush at and for it on their own." Next week we hope to reproduce one of the very best examples of Kapp's work—a just completed portrait of Arthur Henderson, who amongst his many other activities, worked for years in close accord with Señor de Madariaga in what proved the hopeless task of inducing sovereign States to disarm. Of this portrait of Arthur Henderson we must leave readers to judge for themselves. We can say that in our opinion it is a likeness of genius which we believe will be treasured by all who knew him and worked with him.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. C. M. Shapper.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

It is safe to say that nothing mattered in Europe yesterday but the British Foreign Secretary's speech. . . .—*Times.*

At a civic farewell to the Australian cricketers who leave for South Africa on October 31, Mr. White, the Australian Customs Minister, said: "If nations understood the rules of cricket, the world would not be faced with the present difficulties. Britain will carry her bat through the latest international test," added Mr. White.—*Star.*

A dog usually possesses those fine qualities in which human beings are sometimes deficient. If your dog were suddenly to know you as you are, and not as he thinks you are, could you look him in the face?—Letter in *Star.*

In a fortnight Britain will have none of her summer birds left. There will be only her own native birds that would rather risk death in the rigours of an English winter than sing under a foreign sun, and the hardy creatures from Norway and Iceland to whom an English winter counts as summer.—*Sunday Express.*

. . . the Fox film "Dante's Inferno," which combines a modern story with a glimpse of Milton's classic.—*Picturegoer Weekly.*

Increase of adultery and the breaking of marriage vows are of far greater danger to our national safety than bombing from the air.—Canon S. Bickersteth reported in *Daily Mirror.*

And I think it would be true to say that, despite the overwhelming financial opposition, there have never been so many people—young, old and middle-aged—experiencing love as there are to-day.—*Evening Standard.*

"Persian cats are very popular," one breeder said, "but we feel that much more can be done to bring them into the limelight, so we are concentrating on breeding cats with faces like bulldogs."—*Daily Herald.*

THE GERMAN SCENE

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY]

A NAZI legal official at a recent international penal congress in Berlin referred to the Concentration Camps as an "educational system." If one disregards this somewhat euphemistic epithet, it is nevertheless interesting to see how far the camps constitute to-day a "system," and how far the organisation is governed by any principles. What circumstances decide whether a suspect shall be taken into *Schutzhaft* or be accorded a legal trial have never been explained. Thus, while Thalmann awaits trial in a Berlin prison, enjoying privileges accorded to those on remand, Karlo Mierendorff (a far more dangerous and important Communist leader, but without an international reputation) has been for an equal length of time, i.e., 2½ years, in concentration camps. Two factors generally determine the period of sojourn in a camp—the absence of a legal case against the individual, and the fact that detention in a camp is harsher than in an ordinary prison. This may be appreciated when the four different categories of prisoners in the camps are realised. They are "professional criminals," political prisoners, "para. 175-men," and "Rassenschänder." "Professional criminals" are those who have served several terms of imprisonment and are thus to be detained until further notice. "Para. 175-men" is the term applied to homosexuals—and these constitute by far the largest group. "Rassenschänder" are such Jews who have consorted with Aryan girls.

So much for the system. The writer visited the two most notorious institutions, the Kolumbia Haus, Berlin, and Lichtenburg. The former acts as distributing centre for the various camps, and suspects are detained there until the Secret Police have concluded their investigations. The nature of these investigations is not open to examination by the foreigner, and the tales that the writer has heard about them are not printable. Except in cases of solitary confinement (as an additional punishment for breach of regulations) prisoners sleep four in a cell; but the homosexuals are housed in dormitories, the only "precaution" taken being that a guard patrols the dormitory at intervals during the night! Prisoners' heads are completely shaved, and clogs are worn for footwear. On the inside wall of the camp are painted targets of men running, lying and kneeling, which the S.S. guards use for rifle-practice. The guards themselves, wearing the black uniform of the S.S. troops with steel helmet and carbine, are fellows of about 20 years of age. The writer can recollect no more humorous incident than when one of these guards asked him to start a correspondence in order to exchange postage-stamps. Since the foreign visitor is not allowed to converse privately with any prisoner, it is impossible to gain an insight into the treatment. Dachau, near Munich, is the show camp, and the British Legion officials are said to have spent "no more interesting day in Germany" than their visit to this camp. How many are detained in the concentration camps it is impossible to estimate. The number of camps is nominally four, Dachau, Kolumbia Haus, Berlin, Lichtenburg, and Esterwegen, but it is indubitable that these do not house the total number of prisoners within the system.

The largest category of prisoners, homosexuals, is significant.

In their records appears often the cryptic statement that "he constitutes an especial menace for the Hitler Youth." Meanwhile in Hamburg the clean sweep of vice which the Nazis had for years promised has taken the form of municipal brothels; a round-up of prostitutes was recently made and the choice offered them of a concentration camp or a continuation of their employment within specified areas. Two streets have been shielded by tin barricades, resembling the entrance to a public convenience, and access is permitted day and night.

Berlin is flooded by Jews and Czechs. The Jews have fled the persecution of the provinces, and the Czechs (i.e., Bohemian Germans whose nationality is still officially Czech) have made the pace too hot for them in Karl Henlein's new German Front. One awaits the founding of a Nazi-Czech Legion on the lines of the Nazi-Austrian legion. The building trade is the only "civil" industry showing appreciable activity. In Berlin alone four immense erections are going up: Göring's Air Ministry, the Deutschlandhalle (Goebbel's special preserve—the largest meeting-hall in Germany), the Olympia Stadium, and the underground railway extension. The latter may be cited as an example of the rumours which are as persistent and effective as a native tom-tom. When the accident occurred opposite the Brandenburger Tor in August, there were few Germans who did not believe that no casualties existed—that, in fact, the workmen had been led away through one of the tunnels beneath the Reichstag, and that the catastrophe was to be exploited in the manner of the Reichstag fire. An equally unlikely rumour has been to the effect that the operation on Hitler's throat was not occasioned by a polypus, but by cancer.

The Hitler Salute, which was *de rigueur* last year, is not being so assiduously made to-day. Policemen raise their hand in an attenuated gesture, as confusion was produced amongst traffic by the full extension of the arm. The most common uniform to be seen on the streets is the new Air Force uniform; five men are killed daily on an average, it is said, in flying accidents, chiefly amongst recruits. There is a constant stream of business-men travelling to Basle, who stay a whole day, without stopping for meals, to read Conrad Heiden's new biography of Hitler. But the latest joke has been provided by Dr. Ley (né Levi), who declared in a speech that "the German people are wonderfully easy to govern."

ARGUING

IF there is one thing for which I honour the human race more than for another, it is the way in which it goes on arguing. The proverbial visitor from another planet, landing on earth, would be amazed at the extent to which controversy flourishes everywhere except in those ultra-modern countries in which it is forbidden. He would say to himself: "Why do these people argue so hotly? Those who argue were not converted to their beliefs by reason, so why should they hope to convert others by arguments that would not have convinced themselves? The human being, as a rule, is a man who jumps mystically to conclusions, yet he never loses hope of being able to reason others into the same conclusions." The fact that, in spite of the obvious truth of this, men go on arguing, seems to me to be a proof of the unquenchable optimism of the human race.

Consider for a moment. You who are middle-aged must have taken part in thousands of arguments. You argued in the nursery and you won, though your nurse did not admit it. You argued with uncles and aunts, with great-uncles and great-aunts, and thrashed them all without making the slightest impression on them. You argued triumphantly at school without ever converting a schoolfellow. Later, your college rang with your incontrovertible statements on matters religious, political, literary and metaphysical; and not a single contemporary of the opposite opinion even knew that you had won. In the wide world you continued to fight for the truth like a skilled fencer—in your and other people's homes, in offices, in restaurants, in the streets, perhaps in public-houses. You have been arguing, say, for forty years, and how many converts have you made? You will be lucky, I think, if you can name six.

I do not mean to make the absurd suggestion that people never change their opinions. I doubt, however, whether they often change them in consequence of an argument. I myself became a Socialist in my teens, but I was no more reasoned into it than into smoking. The thing simply happened without my knowing how or why it had happened. Yet no sooner was I mystically converted to a belief in Socialism than I began to badger all my friends and acquaintances with arguments that, sound as they were, I should have laughed at a month or two before. In vain did they try not to listen or to turn the subject. To me they were brands to be plucked from the burning by controversy. I plucked my hardest, but how merrily they all continued to burn.

My conversion to Nationalism was more rational, but, even so, it was not the result of other people's arguments. I had come to England from the north of Ireland, believing in the simplicity of my heart that the English spent their days and nights thinking out plans for the welfare of Ireland—for improving the land system and the education system, and for draining the regions of the Bann and the Barrow. To my surprise I found that the English were a very practical people who had enough problems of their own to solve without spending sleepless nights over the drainage of the Bann. Most of them seemed to look on the Irish as a pampered people living largely at the expense of the English taxpayer. Finding that they regarded Ireland mainly as a nuisance, I concluded in the course of a few months that it would be better for the country to be governed by people who were, at least, interested in it. That, however, was only the beginning, not the end, of my conversion. The conversion became complete only on the day on which I went to see Synge's *Riders to the Sea* at the Royalty Theatre. That, again, was a mystical experience, but, none the less, I immediately set out to try to convert everybody I knew to my opinion by process of argument. My arguments, I may say, were so convincing that they would have got through the hide of a pachyderm, but they never got through the hides of my friends. The human being is all but argument-proof.

This is obvious if you consider the results of all the public debates that have been held since the beginning of time. Take, for example, the debates in the House of Commons. Were Disraeli's supporters ever known to throw in the towel because Gladstone had felled him with an unanswerable argument? What would Mr. Baldwin's followers think, except that he was mad, if he suddenly got up and announced that Major Attlee had defeated him in argument and that henceforth he would take his place as a private soldier in the ranks of the Labour Party? Ever since the days of Demosthenes and Aeschines, it has been taken for granted that no eminent man is ever converted by an opponent by process of debate. Even in those old-fashioned debates which used to be held between humble Atheists and humble Christians, the leading Christian and the leading Atheist always went home with their opinions unchanged. In view of this, I have sometimes wondered whether it would not be a good thing to have referees at debates, as at football matches and at boxing matches, who would decide when one side had scored or when one of the opponents had received a knockout blow. At present, each side is left to believe that it has scored a debating victory. I should like to see the loser, not only publicly declared to be the loser, but compelled either to go over to the other side or to give convincing reasons why he should not do so.

It may be urged, however, that public debates achieve their object, not by the conversion of the leaders on either side but by the conversion of their more open-minded followers. Among people of real convictions, these open-minded followers are known as wobblers; and a wobbler who has yielded to argument is known to the party he has left as a turncoat. How suspicious people are of a politician who has

listened to reason and so deserted their party for another! Yet, if we believe in controversy, we should honour the wobbler and the turncoat above all others. These are the men who put reason above prejudice, and have the honesty to admit that they have been beaten by arguments better than their own. They are men who are not afraid of their own past, and are glad to feel that what they say in 1935 is different from the nonsense they talked in 1913. Their opponents do not feel like this, however. They say, "Just for a handful of silver he left us," or something of that kind. They say it sometimes with truth, but, whether it is true or not, they say it all the same.

Considering the number of wobblers there are in the world, it is perhaps not surprising that we go on arguing as we do in parliaments and on platforms. A large audience will probably contain at least one or two reasonable men. What particularly astonishes me, however, is that we go on arguing just as hotly in private life—arguing with people who have not the remotest resemblance to reasonable men—people who would not show the faintest sign of wobbling if Socrates and St. Thomas Aquinas made a combined and overwhelming assault on them. Again and again I find myself arguing passionately with men who are not open to argument and whom I know I could no more convert by argument than I could turn a stone into butter. They are men, I tell myself, so steeped in illusion that they can believe almost anything so long as it is not quite true. Yet I go on trying, vainly, to outshout them, and to blow down the flag of illusion with a mighty wind of argument. In cold blood I realise that this is very foolish—that, for all the effect my arguments will produce, I might as well be a street-evangelist whom I once saw preaching salvation with no audience but a lamp-post.

No doubt, they feel much the same about me. I, too, am not exactly open to argument—at least, not to the only sort of arguments other people seem to be able to think of. Yet who that is of an argumentative disposition has ever given up hope? To the genuinely argumentative man every other human being remains a potential convert while alive. I have known enthusiastic youths who would spend a whole evening trying to convert an octogenarian miser to the moral beauty of Socialism. I have heard a Free Trader in a public house fanatically expounding the case for Free Trade to a tipsy bookmaker who could scarcely pronounce the word "whisky." We are all born canvassers for our causes, and are all the more deserving of admiration because we go on canvassing without ever turning a vote.

Is controversy entirely useless, then? I do not think so. For one thing, it clears the controversialist's mind and so enables him gradually to become a more lucid exponent of his creed. For another thing, it keeps ideas in the air; and it is by these ideas, not by immediate arguments, that men in the end are mystically converted, or, if you prefer the word, infected. Finally, controversy is a very good sport. It is because it is a good sport that I wish a referee had been present in my house on Sunday night to decide who won in the great middle-weight arguing contest between Al Communismo and Paddy Freeman.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE PAPACY AND ITALY

SIR,—In the *Universe* the other day was printed the full text of a sermon preached last Sunday at Golders Green by Mgr. Hinsley, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, defending the attitude of the Holy See with reference to the Italo-Abyssinian conflict. This pronouncement of the head of the Catholic community in England, who, since he was until recently in the foreign service of the Holy See, may be presumed to speak with knowledge of the Papal mind, contains some remarks of great interest on which further enlightenment is desirable.

The relevant passages from the discourse, as reported by the *Universe*, are:

> (*a*). . . Until he (the Pope) is invited to intervene by both sides, he cannot act as a judge. As an independent sovereign he has no grounds for intervention in the present case, not even those grounds enjoyed by a member of the League of Nations, to join which League, through Italy's express stipulation, he was not invited . . .
>
> (*b*) Before that verdict of the League (the decision that Italy is the aggressor in the present conflict) the Pope could not in decency have stigmatised either one side or the other as the wrongdoers; one can imagine, nay, we know, how he would have been blamed if he had done any such thing . . .
>
> (*c*) If . . . he (the Pope) denounces his neighbour as a breaker of treaties and a brigand, he will put a grievous burden on the consciences of such of the subjects of his neighbour as believe that neighbour to be in the right . . .
>
> (*d*) If Fascism—which in principle I (the Archbishop) do not approve—goes under, nothing can save the country (Italy) from chaos; God's cause goes under with it.

As I do not happen to be a member of either the Italian ruling class or the Ethiopian ruling class, between whom the present quarrel is being waged, I have little interest in its outcome; but as a student of human behaviour and of ethics I should be very interested to know, with regard to the four passages quoted above:

(*a*) Although it is generally understood that the then Italian Government objected to the inclusion of the Pope in the League of Nations at its formation, is there any reason why, since the Lateran Treaty of 1929 provided for the recognition of the Pope as the ruler of an independent sovereign State, the Holy See should not at any time since then have sought admission to the League—and if it has not done so, is it entitled to blame anyone other than itself for the fact that it is not a member?

(*b*) Is it to be understood that since the constitution of the League, the Papal prerogative of infallibility in its *ex cathedra* pronouncements on moral issues has passed into the hands of, or requires the preliminary concurrence of, the League?

(*c*) If the Pope denounces those who practise birth control as breakers of the moral law and murderers, does he place a grievous burden on the consciences of those persons who believe birth-controllers to be in the right—and if so, why does he do in this case what he refrains from doing in the other?

(*d*) If the cause of God—by which it may be presumed that the speaker means the welfare and progress of the Catholic Church—is so intimately bound up with the continuance of the Fascist rule in Italy, does it not follow that the same cause would be advanced by the institution of a similar politico-economic system in Great Britain—and does it not therefore become the duty of the conscientious Catholic to have his shirts dyed black as quickly as possible? And moreover, since it is arguable that in the event of the downfall of the existing governments of Germany, Russia and Mexico, nothing could save those respective countries from chaos, does the duty of the good Catholic extend to a support of the actions of each and all of those governments?

London. A. S. B. GLOVER

AMBULANCE SERVICE IN ETHIOPIA

SIR,—There will be some among your readers who will wish to know in what way they can help to alleviate the suffering caused by this war which we have been unable to prevent.

The British Ambulance Service in Ethiopia, in co-operation with the British Red Cross Society, is appealing very urgently for funds to enable it to start for Abyssinia without delay.

£35,000 is needed; so far only a third of that total has been received. I feel sure that the British public will respond to this appeal; may I ask them to do so quickly? Further delay means loss of human life.

Contributions should be sent to A. W. Tuke, Esq., Barclay's Bank, 54 Lombard Street, E.C.3. Further particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, British Ambulance Service in Ethiopia, at this address.

33 Alfred Place,
South Kensington,
S.W.7.

C. R. NEWMAN,
Chairman Executive Committee

THE UNITED FRONT

SIR,—Mr. John Strachey admits in his latest letter that Communist attacks on the rank and file of what used to be called Social-Fascist organisations went too far. Any sign of self-criticism in a member, or even in an unattached supporter of the Communist Party is welcome, but might not Mr. Strachey now

consider another problem? I recently examined a French Communist electoral poster of 1928, adorned with caricatures of the enemies of the workers ranging from Poincaré to MM. Blum and Renaudel. I present Mr. Renaudel to Mr. Strachey, but I should like to know whether M. Blum really was one of the deadliest enemies of the workers in 1928, if not what purpose this lie served? If he is no longer an enemy of the workers, when and why did he change? If he still is, what part of the Common Front in France is being deceived? Since Mr. Strachey presumably wishes to win converts to his point of view, it is odd that so ingenious a writer has not seen that the pretence that the Comintern made no serious mistakes in, say, Germany, alienates far more people than it can possibly win. That this pretence is too much even for some of the faithful, private conversation with them soon reveals. Even military biographers have learned that their defences of, say, the strategy of Passchendaele, are better received if errors in tactics are admitted. Communist propagandists might profit from his example.

D. W. BROGAN

Kybald Twychen, Kybald Street, Oxford.

SIR,—Mr. Strachey could not possibly have found a worse example than Austria for his thesis that Social-Democratic policy produces Fascism. Anyone who is not content with the most superficial appearances must view the developments in Austria in connection with developments abroad, especially in Germany. It was neither the strength of their own reactionaries nor the failure of their own Socialist and democratic forces (which were virtually united in the Austrian Social-Democratic Party) which brought about Fascism in Austria, but it was the catastrophe which befell the working-class movement in Germany.

Up till then the Austrian Social-Democrats succeeded pretty well in checking Austrian Fascism, which had been fostered by the Austrian bourgeoisie since 1927, and were making a great show of power. But all their efforts were rebutted by the decisive resistance of the united working class, ready to use every means to defend the constitution and democracy. At the beginning of 1933 Heimwehr-Fascism, defeated again and again and finally made ridiculous by the deplorable collapse of their *Putsch* in the autumn of 1931, was disunited and weaker than ever. The Austrian section of Nazi-Fascism was still a small party with ludicrous leaders, derided all over the country and by no means a real menace like the Nazi party in Germany. Then came the tremendous downfall of the huge German working-class movement—that capitulation without the slightest resistance from either the Communist or the Social-Democratic side, and the effect on Austria was beyond imagination. It was like the bursting of a dam, and the Fascist tide drowned the little country. That disastrous event caused in Austria (1) a dangerous depression and demoralisation among the rank and file of the workers; (2) an adventurous spirit among the reactionary bourgeoisie who perceived that there was much less danger in suppressing the workers than they had believed; (3) an abrupt and powerful growth of the Nazi forces encouraged by the triumph of the German movement.

The Austrian Social-Democrats, in a morally weakened condition, then found themselves wedged between two dangerous fires. Had they risen immediately against the first unconstitutional act of the Dollfuss Government in March, 1933, as they undoubtedly would have done three months earlier, the confident Nazis would have attacked them from the rear, and it is pretty certain that the outcome would have been a Nazi Government! The Social-Democratic leaders therefore wished to avoid a battle of life and death in such a hopeless strategical position and tried to come to terms with the Austrian Government—which was not yet decisively Fascist. They knew the difficulties from the beginning, but the position would not have been hopeless had there not been fresh interference from abroad. This was the shameful bargain between France and Italy which left the Austrian democracy at the mercy of Mussolini.

Now Austria was doomed to Fascism, and the February rising of the Social-Democratic Schutzbund, after bitter months of humiliation and weakening, was only a heroic epilogue. As to the rights and wrongs of Social-Democratic policy which in Austria, at any rate, was never based on the principles which Mr. Strachey describes, that tragedy proves nothing.

AN AUSTRIAN SOCIALIST

"TWO POINTS OF VIEW"

SIR,—Mrs. King's account of the Russian visitors to the L.N.U. is extremely interesting. Both sides seem to have very effectually misunderstood each other, alike at the centre which is by Hyde Park Corner, the busiest traffic point in all the world, and at the tip of a new activity, far out among woods and heaths in the Avon valley.

Having "voluntarily and with enjoyment" taken part in all the Nansen Pioneer Camps held at Godshill, I know that our many-sided enjoyment of life as lived there in the open is far indeed from "rationalising the unpleasant"—even when this is explained by the "poverty of those who organised the Camps." Misunderstanding could hardly go further. I wish, Sir, you could print a photo or two of the many that were taken this year (some of them included our Russian visitors) just as evidence how widely the mark was missed. It is true that our conditions were simple and primitive—but that is what we went for. Yet (to take one matter on which adverse comment seems to have repeatedly been made) our sanitation was so far from being "obviously unhygienic" that our medical officer could only rarely find a fault to report.

Contrariwise, I cannot imagine our Nansen Pioneers saving up their pocket-money for successive years to pay for the kind of camp described as typical in Russia—"Camps" complete with beds and sanatoria and water laid on. Yet one must assume that the Russian children enjoy such experiences, apparently by thousands.

What is the explanation? Why is it that Nansen Pioneers (and Boy Scouts and Girl Guides and plenty more such bodies) would be bored stiff with well-equipped establishments full of comforts all provided ready-made for them; while our Russian visitors saw nothing but discomforts and futilities in our tents, and our gadgets, and our beginnings at woodcraft—again, why?

Perhaps some of the answer lies concealed in the first paragraph of this letter. Our youngsters like to get out from the centres of towns, away from pavements and motor buses and factories, away from the humdrum monotonies of every day, and out into the rare excitements of life in the open. To sleep, not in a house but under the stars—to swim, not in a concrete tank, but in the Avon—to warm one's toes, not at a gas-stove, but at a fire of one's own gathering . . . of these are our holidays made up. Yet these, delights to us, may be mere dull daily routine to plenty of Russians. If the best holiday is a change of occupation, then tools and work-benches, wood and metal, a staff of cooks, water-taps, and proper sanitary fittings in proper houses may be, from their rarity and novelty, exactly the right material for young Russia to enjoy.

If this counter-changing of novelties to make a holiday does not completely explain why Britons do not want plumbing in camp and Russians do, maybe some more of the gap may be filled up by noting the difference in objective. It is true the Russians themselves seem to have described the sole reason of their children's camps as the "physical improvement of the children"; but perhaps it would not be unfair to add the idea of turning out a large number of citizens of a good pattern? The British idea is that the finest citizens are not to pattern at all, but are full of individuality and initiative. Camping and woodcraft and the like we believe to develop a capacity to work out one's own solution for life's problems. Thus the citizenship at which the two kinds of camp appear to aim is cut to very different patterns. The eponymous hero of the L.N.U. Camps is Fridtjof Nansen; does not that fact in itself summarise the difference?

Mrs. King has, I think, uncovered a very deep cleavage, both in principle and in practice, between the democratic (and especially the L.N.U. Pioneer) types of children's camps and the dictatorial forms. Is it this difference which explains why the dictator countries no longer tolerate Boy Scouts? Some of us think that the difference is the reason why, in the long run, dictatorships must fail.

If any of your readers would like to know more about the L.N.U. camping experiments at Godshill and elsewhere, the information will be most willingly sent on application to the Secretary, 15 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

85 Abingdon Villas, W.8. ALEC WILSON

THE TREATMENT OF INSANITY

SIR,—May we beg the hospitality of your columns to draw the attention of men and women of common sense to a system which is costing the country over £10,000,000 a year and doing nothing effective towards the prevention and cure of insanity? The indirect costs of mental illness are estimated as from four to ten times that amount.

May we ask them to consider the following facts :

Admissions to mental hospitals increase by approximately 1,600 yearly. But, owing to shortage of accommodation, far greater numbers are waiting for treatment. It has been estimated that one-tenth of the population is affected by psycho-neurotic disorder and that this accounts for one-third of all cases of illness whatsoever.

There is no physician in England whose *sole* professional duty is to investigate the *psychology* of insanity. Research is left to the leisure of voluntary workers. In County Mental Hospitals, one doctor has on an average three hundred patients in his care.

The percentage of patients discharged as cured from mental hospitals in this country every year is no greater than it was fifty years ago. Clinics, which may save patients from entering mental hospitals and which also deal with valuable material for research, are mainly staffed by self-sacrificing voluntary workers and receive little support from local authorities.

The Mental Treatment Act (1930) was approved by Members of Parliament of all parties and enabled local authorities to provide (1) Out-patient treatment. (2) Voluntary treatment for those who apply. (3) Temporary treatment for many who would otherwise be certified. Nevertheless, it has been a disappointment.

In the annual report of the Board of Control for 1933 it is stated that, except in a few areas, the rich enjoy the relief which Parliament intended and the poor do not. Consequently, some 2,400 persons were needlessly certified in 1933. Sir Hilton Young, when Minister of Health, stated that ten per cent. of certified cases might have been treated as temporary patients.

We therefore write, Sir, to urge that this immeasurable human suffering and the burden it imposes upon the community should be relieved and ultimately removed through the establishment by the Government of a number of research fellowships. We ask that clinics for early treatment be more generally provided and that mental hospitals be more adequately staffed. And we ask, Sir, that humane men and women in this scientific age shall cease considering mental disease as a thing to be kept out of sight.

We have in this country the knowledge, the skill, the splendid pioneering work of experts in all branches of mental disorder. Let it not be said that we lack the sense of duty and public spirit to see that justice be done to the afflicted and *through* them to the general community—the healthy stock of our nation.

PRISCILLA ANNESLEY.
ALFRED BEIT.
HAVELOCK ELLIS.
J. C. FLUGEL.
MAURICE HAMBLIER SMITH, M.D., M.R.C.S.
E. T. JENSEN, M.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
P. K. MCCOWAN, M.D., F.R.C.P., D.P.M.
RUTHERFORD MORISON, F.R.C.S., D.C.L., LL.D.
OLIVIER.
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D. N. PRITT.
QUEENBOROUGH.
BERTRAND RUSSELL.
SYBIL THORNDIKE.
JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD.
H. G. WELLS.

NON-VIOLENCE

SIR,—In the notice of three books on peace and war, signed by Mr. Kingsley Martin, under the title of Non-Violence, which appeared in your issue of 12th October, it is said that " as John Bright found when he resigned from a Cabinet which decided to bombard Alexandria, Quakerism is not compatible with Cabinet office. Mr. Lansbury finds himself in exactly the same dilemma."

May I point out, in the interests of historical accuracy, that the position of John Bright with regard to peace and war was not at all that of Canon Shepherd and Mr. Lansbury, and that the difference between him and them is important ? The very paladin of Christian principles in public affairs, and especially of peace, in our history during the past century was no pacifist in their sense of the word. In the third year of the American Civil War he wrote : " I want no end of the war, and no compromise, and no re-union, till the negro is made free beyond all chance of failure." During the Indian Mutiny he telegraphed to his election committee : " The success of the Indian Revolt would lead to anarchy in India, and I conceive that it is mercy to India to suppress it." And with reference to the same subject he wrote : " I have never advocated the extreme non-resistance principle in public or in private."

For Bright there was no such " dilemma " in belonging to a Cabinet as there has been for Mr. Lansbury. Bright's interpretation of Christianity did not conflict with the existence of the organised state, as, I think—and, I gather, Mr. Kingsley Martin agrees—Mr. Lansbury's does.

JOHN D. SINCLAIR

7, Kingsburgh Road,
Edinburgh, 12.

Miscellany

WITH THE ITALIANS IN ERITREA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN ERITREA.]

ENGLISH people are so accustomed to take their position in the world for granted that it is difficult to convey to them the mentality of a nation, which is still engaged in the uphill task of " making good " without the means. When our ideas of what constitutes " good " are so different, the attempt becomes almost hopeless. All the same it is perhaps worth making.

Travelling by transport in the company of several thousand blackshirts, I found myself the solitary target of their pent-up passion for propaganda. You can't preach to the converted, and these blackshirts had been living in each other's pockets—under canvas—for the last four months. The chance of proselytising a stranger, and an Englishman at that, was something too good to miss. I realised for the first time the true meaning of those lines about the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.

It would be tedious and superfluous to reproduce all the arguments, so often drummed into my defenceless ears during the six days I lay at the mercy of my would-be saviours. They have all been discussed *ad nauseam*. The need for expansion and the closing of frontiers to Italian immigrants ; Italy's civilising mission following the example of Britain ; the barbarity of Abyssinia and the necessity of opposing Asiatic influence ; the injustice of the existing distribution of colonies —of all this and much more I was naturally spared nothing. There was no more chance of my making an impression on any of these points than of convincing a Frenchman of the good faith of Germany, or a Catholic of the fallacy of Authority. One would be listened to politely, sympathetically even, but knowing it was a pure waste of time.

The only subject on which there was any readiness to understand the British point of view was that of British Imperial interest. Here, at last, one was speaking the same language ; one was met half-way and further. When one pointed out, however, that principle might be more important than interest, the response was black incredulity. They were willing to believe that the British Intelligence Service was advising the Emperor, even to approve of its doing so. (Incidentally all Italians, and most Frenchmen, are persuaded that the late Colonel Lawrence is still alive and that he is residing in Abyssinia under the alias of Sandford). What they refused to accept was the reality of a League policy.

The only one of my innumerable interlocutors who acknowledged that a question of Covenant-keeping was involved, qualified his recognition by the inevitable reminder about Manchukuo. And I afterwards discovered, when I listened to his sermon—he was one of the two priests attached to the unit—that he went a good deal further in his nationalism than most of the combatants. The Italian Catholics, indeed, feel no difficulty about swallowing Abyssinia. Perhaps the slow progress made by their missionary work has influenced their attitude. A former Governor of Eritrea recently calculated that at the present rate of conversion it would take 240,000 years to gain the whole country to Rome !

Complementary to the desire to justify themselves morally

was the habit of extolling everything Italian. This tendency was sometimes pushed to a ridiculous point. One man, for instance, was continually showing me some article in his equipment, carefully explaining it was of Italian make, then adding that it was the best of its kind in the world. One day it would be field glasses, another underclothes. He even thought it worth while to point to the rivets (the transport, one of the finest ships on the South American line, happened to have been built at Glasgow), and to inform me that in Italy they would be finished off better. And when we passed the flagship *Resolution* at Port Said, it was no surprise for me to hear a murmur at my side, " the British dreadnoughts are big, but the Italian are more modern." It was quite a disease with the poor fellow.

The men were certainly full of cheer, as is only to be expected of volunteers. Many of them had given up good jobs, they assured me ; for others the prospect at home was evidently not so good, and they were looking forward to settling " out there when it was over." They sang and cheered on the least provocation. I got so accustomed to my attention being called to their " splendid morale," that I found it simpler, whenever enthusiasm was more than usually exuberant, to anticipate the inevitable comment.

These high spirits survived three hot days in the Red Sea, and it was not till we arrived at Massawa that we got a hint of what patriotism means in practice. The first man I talked to in that God-forsaken spot made no pretence of enjoying himself, though resigned, like everybody, to the necessity of sacrifice. He too was a volunteer and his name was Giovanni Bianco. I know this because as soon as he learnt I was a journalist he insisted on telling me. " It might be interesting to your paper, you see," he explained. " The first man you talked to on landing in Eritrea ! " I made a note and promised to bear him in mind. I'm glad to have this opportunity of fulfilling my obligation, though I fear it is unlikely he will ever read these lines.

In Massawa there is nothing to do but to plan to escape—no easy matter considering that all communications are commandeered. I stayed long enough to discover that there was no disease at that moment (September), that there had been deaths from heat in May and June, and that the malaria season was approaching ; that landing and transport arrangements were adequate for men but not for material ; that water was still a problem though less urgent, and that all the work, such as road building, port improvements, etc., had to be done by Italian workmen, the natives declining to exert themselves in that climate. This I well understood after spending a night in it. At 3 a.m. the thermometer registered 100F. !

Eighty miles from the sea and 7,500 feet above it, Asmara, my next objective, was relatively a paradise. I would, however, stress the word " relatively." Asmara is cool and clean and equipped as a modern town, but that is about all you can say for it. If you exclude a few shops, one cinema, and the newly installed officers' brothel, it is almost entirely lacking in social amenities. Life is better organised in the poorest British colony. Being the centre of an armed camp does not add to its attractions, merely emphasising the inadequacy of the accommodation, although it must be said in fairness that the arrangements made for myself and other journalists were all that we could reasonably desire.

The comparatively undeveloped state of the colony was all the more striking in view of the immense works which have been completed, and are still in progress, for purely military purposes. If only a fraction of the money and energy spent on strategical roads, barracks and aerodromes had been devoted to civilian uses, the country would be by no means uninhabitable, for climate and soil in the uplands are both excellent.

It is significant, however, that the number of Italians settled on the land is negligible. How Abyssinia, where the conditions are very similar, can solve the problem of their overpopulation, remains, therefore, a mystery. They talk cheerfully of installing several million colonists, but nobody has explained how these people are to live, any more than it has ever been proved that the hinterland is rich in minerals, at any rate of such quality as to make extraction a commercial proposition. In all their designs on Abyssinia there is a strong element of self-delusion. They are mesmerised by the dream of the Promised Land.

But the biggest motive undoubtedly is the desire to avenge Adowa. " How can you talk about the threat to your security," I asked an officer at one of the advanced posts, " when your armament is so immensely superior ? "

" Because the Abyssinians haven't yet realised we *are* superior," was the answer. " They still think they can cheek us. We've got to teach them their lesson. We *must* revenge Adowa, we *must*." It was the same in every mess. Adowa, always Adowa ; nothing else really seemed to matter.

That the Abyssinians did underrate what they were up against is probably true. " The Italian material may be better," the Ethiopian Consul said to me, " but man to man they don't compare with our fighters and that is what will count in this war. Besides, the native troops will refuse to march."

The Consul and his pretty young wife, daughter of the Ethiopian Minister in London, were somewhat pathetic figures. I arrived at his house at nightfall and had to interview him in the garden, the electric light having unaccountably failed. I wished to obtain a pass to visit Ras Seyoum, but the private line to Adowa had broken down too. It was all very mysterious, but the fact that I was arrested on emerging suggests a possible explanation.

Apart from this incident, I met personally with no hostility ; on the contrary everything was done to make my stay agreeable. The general attitude to England was one of pained bewilderment, accompanied by complete confidence in the restraining influence of France. This confidence was somewhat shattered by the announcement that sanctions were going to be demanded. I was in Asmara the night the news came through, and no attempt was made in front of me to conceal the consternation it caused. " If they close the canal we're done for, but we can't turn back now," remarked an Italian confrère. " After all these preparations the *dégonflement* would be too great." I am certain that this reflected both official and public opinion, in so far as the latter is articulate. Whether the capture of Adowa has made any difference it is still too early to say.

SEÑOR DE MADARIAGA

ENGINEER, man of letters, professor, diplomat, Señor de Madariaga has the kind of comprehensive talent which touches nothing that it does not adorn. He was one of the most successful officials Geneva has known. The occasional profundity of his books is not concealed by the play of a wit that is often Voltairean. His culture is European. He speaks brilliantly ; and it was no less a judge than the late M. Briand who put him among the ten best conversationalists in Europe.

Until a few years ago, one would have ranged Señor de Madariaga with that little group of men, of whom perhaps Sir Arthur Salter is the best known, whom Geneva had transformed into the prototypes of genuine citizens of a Europe slowly growing into political consciousness. He had wide knowledge ; he had great technical competence in his job ; he seemed, also, to have the passion of deep conviction related to high purpose. He would have been put, by most people, among the few men bound by his great qualities to play a central part in bringing to birth a new international order.

Now one begins to doubt a little. After the Spanish Revolution called him from Oxford to a succession of great embassies, a change seemed to come over Señor de Madariaga. There was no diminution in his brilliance. He performed ever more responsible work. His talk was the more enchanting the wider the range of his experience ; and one of his more recent books—that on Don Quixote—was easily the most penetrating that he has written. But the good European

seems, somehow, in eclipse. The fighter for great causes has given place to a rather cynical man of the world whose values, whose purposes, are not, after all, so very different from those of the diplomatic corps to which he belongs. The new Madariaga seems to have undergone a transformation. He accepts a lower scale of values. The crusader has gone out of him. He is impatient with the idealism he once seemed to embody. The humanity in him has shrunk to lesser proportions, leaving a worldly-wise politician hardly distinguishable, save for the flash of brilliant personality, from a hundred professionals of the genre.

Is it one more proof that the intellectual should always advise but never govern? Is it one more case of the *trahison des clercs*? Or is it a reaction from two disappointments which could only have left a very great man still ardent for the fight? Señor de Madariaga was one of the first enthusiasts for the new Spain; has its overthrow convinced him that, after all, the game is not worth the candle? Except Arthur Henderson, no one did more than he to infuse vitality into the Disarmament Conference; its failure was a bitter blow to him. Has he been convinced by these experiences that the man who gives his all to a great cause is simply the Don Quixote that he knows so well? Has he said to himself that, after all, men are a little breed? Or is it simply that, like so many idealists in history, he has succumbed to the poison of power?

With him, no doubt, the unconscious impulses of change are complex, if only because he is a complex personality. His love of paradox, that stab-and-thrust of argument that sometimes seemed in talk to care more for victory than for truth, perhaps these qualities of his earlier period were so deep to his character that great place was bound to give them a new power when disappointment reinforced to a lack of inner faith in any crusade. It is often said that the devotee of a religion who loses his belief becomes the most hardened type of cynic. Certainly in the Geneva of the last four years it must have been hard for any man who saw a great cause thrown away to suppose that men were ripe for its realisation. Señor de Madariaga seems to have made that decision. The heat has gone from the fire; and the spark that remains lights a glowing memory of the past rather than an expectation of future light. One wishes he would remember how much had been hoped from him by his friends. Then perhaps he would realise that no power he can achieve, no confidence that, in the old sense, he is a thoroughly "sound" man, will ever compensate for the fulfilment of the Madariaga that might have been.

ROMEO AND JULIET

MR. JOHN GIELGUD'S production of *Romeo and Juliet* at the New Theatre is the best I have seen. It has speed, freshness and vitality. It misses some of the verbal beauty—that does not seem to me a disastrous fault. With any of Shakespeare's plays we can only know the poetry by reading it ourselves, and we go to the theatre not so much to hear the lines beautifully spoken as to receive those contacts (often disturbing) which only acting can provide. The first few moments are always a shock. We had gone half-expecting the sort of confirmation which performance will give to a musical score; and everything, everything is different. Flesh and blood surprise. But what counts most is that the context of every word has been altered. One important theme of the drama, the feud between the two houses—which must have thrilled an Elizabethan audience like a gangster film—always loses actuality on the stage; we are moved by Mercutio's death, but Juliet's grief over Tybalt, whom we have seen only as a dueller, appears artificial at a moment when it is imperative that we should accept her emotion without question. On the other hand, good acting can transform the minor figures, particularly that of the Friar, and at the New Theatre Mr. George Howe showed us a Friar Laurence whose loquacity had unexpected weight and serenity. But we go to the theatre, of course, for the lovers. In this revival they will only disappoint those whose preconceptions are strong, for Mr. Laurence Olivier and Miss Peggy Ashcroft give a performance which is full of a genuine Renaissance feeling and beauty.

Mr. Olivier, it is true, never made his lines ring, so far as speech went all his effects were obtained by prose; and yet he seemed to me an excellent Romeo—abrupt, passionate, ill-fated—how well he looked! Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Juliet was slightly less impressive, although she spoke better. There was at times a naïveté, even blankness, in her emotion which was charming so long as happiness lasted, but in the end just failed to be tragic. Romeo was a figure in action, Juliet in repose, and the quality of both was amazingly improved by the performance of Miss Edith Evans as the Nurse. Whenever she was on the stage, reprimanding, soothing or merely getting her breath, the lovers both seemed children, and it needed her magnificently vital presence to give their story depth. Her garrulity had fresh and delightful intonations; we knew her as she intruded her monologue on the conversation, as she walked heavily about the stairs calling or opening windows, as she made her progress down the street with a fan and a servant; and perhaps she was most herself when, almost in a sentence, she transferred her allegiance from Romeo banished to the more fortunate Paris—so small a change, after all! The Nurse ought not perhaps to be the centre of the play, but in this production she was, and Miss Evans gave a magnificent performance in which every word and gesture were individual. While the play was taken at top speed, she dallied, and this again and again was effective.

Mr. Gielgud saved much time by dividing his stage into two and using the halves alternately for the lesser scenes. As a device for speed, it seems to me preferable to the usual Indian file of actors in front of the curtain. It had the disadvantage in this case of fixing in the middle of the stage a large piece of scenery, which was afterwards to serve as the balcony, and this signal-box structure loomed awkwardly in several of the earlier scenes. My only other complaint about Mr. Gielgud's production is that the stage is nearly always dimly lit against a background of night. His own performance, by the way, as Mercutio was flawless, and he delivered the Queen Mab speech with the virtuosity it requires.

G. W. STONIER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Axe

The first part of Par Lagerkvist's *The Hangman* at the Duke of York's is spent in scenes and speeches reiterating the old superstition that the public executioner and his victims have an occult power—for good as well as evil. Recollections of the Ingoldsby legend *The Hand of Glory* forced their way into the attention of many of the audience. The second part of the play was a staccato, crude, occasionally effective attack on the modern cult of violence, especially as preached by the advocates of Nazism. Unfortunately, the author appears to think these ideas are identical. They are, of course, strongly contrasted. The medieval superstitions about hangmen, hanged men's fingers, mandrakes, and so on, depend on the idea that the hangman is a kind of sacred person because he is forced by the law to break the laws of the philosophy that was supposed to govern men. He has his power because he is the destined opponent of the rule of mercy, which is valid for all Christian men. The modern cult of violence despises and rejects all the sanctions of mercy. In consequence the play is hopelessly at odds with itself; and no one can blame Mr. Vosper—the Hangman—for remaining silent all through the first part. Had he spoken he must have exposed the play's essential weakness. When he does speak, at the end of the second part, he only exposed his own. His rendering of his long speech on the executioner as scapegoat was hysterical, strained and lacked colour and variety. The whole play leaves one with an impression of vivid pictures, of rather tedious close-ups, and some very efficient quick movement. Of the very large cast, Herbert Lomas and Marius Goring deserve mention for fine performances.

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LEAGUE PERSONALITIES by KAPP

Spain: Salvador de Madariaga

"Espionage" at the Apollo

Take two parts Oppenheim, two Le Queux, one part Wodehouse, and a dash of B.O.P. and you have your "Espionage" cocktail; for Lorne fans, of whom there are any number, and your cousin, who supports the white man's burden. Miss Lorne, drawn into a vortex of agents, spies and dictators, plays the life of the Wagon-Lit distraction, never better than when heaving her too-heavy suitcase to the floor from the upper bunk or tripping along the passage—politics having played havoc with the water-pipe in her compartment—past the perils of the fatal charm of Mr. Higgins, the small-arms merchant. The diffuse characters of the train are held together by the suave restraint of Mr. J. H. Roberts's head-waiter-cum-secret service agent, but he would soon have lost his job if he left alone the suspect Richard Clay (Mr. Edwin Styles) with Dictator Kronsky (Mr. Frank Cellier), sending off the armed guard with two obviously innocuous debutantes. The real villain of the piece turned out to be Mr. Eric Maturin, who now wears his technique like a panache and gave a tiring performance. But the play is only a peg for Miss Lorne to hang her flustered petticoats on, and for two acts it is well enough.

Edwardian Comedy of Manners

The humours of *Lady Patricia*, presented at the Westminster by the Group Theatre, are not quite faded; yet it comes almost as a shock to realise how far removed from the theatre of 1935 is the theatre of 1911. Rudolf Besier's comedy (despite the date of its production) is truly Edwardian, remembering the '90's half nostalgically, desperately keen on well-knit, pat situations, sublimely indifferent to fundamentals. The piece is amusing at moments, and Besier is clever enough to work into the incessant pairings and re-pairings of two generations an underlying theme of the dangers of altruistic love. But the lines are woefully thin, and the characters, to present-day taste, neither very funny nor very witty. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, in the name part, has stepped straight from Savoy Opera. Her languorous yearnings soon become wearying, though she is a capable enough actress to make full use of the moments when the pose must be dropped. Miss Gillian Scaife's performance as the scheming mother is completely successful, with a suave polish which is perfect in the part. But most of the humour of the evening is supplied by Craighall Sherry, whose Scottish gardener provides an earthy foil to the extravagances of the rest of the cast.

"Das Mädchen Johanna" at the Curzon

This German *St. Joan* has several facets of interest. Its author, Gerhard Menzel, has put a new construction on the familiar, harrowing story of Joan the Maid; he has found a new dramatic use for it, and is fortunate in the precision and psychological shading given to the result of his research into history by the theatrical talent of his actors and the cinematographic competence of the director, Gustav Ucicky, who has translated an historical play into visible and intelligible terms of the cinema by good cutting and "artistic" photography. The aspect of Joan's tragedy which most interested Shaw and his audiences was the justification of her martyrdom from Rome's and the goddams' point of view. In this film the trial is skipped altogether; we are spared the heartbreaking close-ups of a desperately prolonged *Passion de Jeanne d'Arc* (Dreyer, 1928); our interest is focused instead on the acceptance of Joan's death as a somewhat unfortunate necessity of State by a wily, far-sighted scoundrel, Charles VII. Is a political parable aimed at? It may even be good Nazi doctrine—who can say?

Mr. du Plessis

Mr. du Plessis is an artist who does not let his admirers down. Great things—too great in the opinion of some critics—have been prophesied for him; but his water-colours at Agnew's justify the prophets. Honestly, it may be doubted whether anyone in England uses the medium to better purpose. There is not a suspicion here of the coloured pencil-drawing. The artist conceives his picture in exquisitely coloured shapes, and realises it without a hitch. Yet there is nothing "artistic" or Brabazon-like, nothing of the Neapolitan ice-cream about these delicate constructions—for constructed they are in sequences and subtle relations of tone: they are as simple and sincere as a landscape by Sisley. Constructed: yes, but constructed as a Sung pot is constructed rather than as a tractor. To get an idea of the nature of Mr. du Plessis' art, it is worth looking at No. 50, *La Rochelle*. There is something wrong about this. The figures have been fitted self-consciously into the scene and given a slightly anecdotic import: the picture is not all of a piece. There is nothing else like it amongst his works. It is interesting to learn that, whereas all, or almost all, the others were painted recently, this was painted some three years ago. Here you have the measure of an artist's progress.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 25th—
- Professor J. F. Unstead on "Teaching of Citizenship through Geography," Morley College, 5.15.
- Mrs. J. L. Stocks on "The Case for Family Assistance," Fabian Common Rooms, 11, Dartmouth Street, 5.30.

SATURDAY, October 26th—
- Professor Lascelles Abercrombie on "Chaucer: and Poetry up to 1579," 6, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, 3.

SUNDAY, October 27th—
- W. B. Curry on "Reason and Intuition," Conway Hall, 11.
- Film Society, New Gallery, 2.30.
- Norina Semino, Gerald Moore and Laurence Holmes, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- Ralph Fox on "The United Front in France," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
- Orchestral and Choral Concert, Morley College, 8.

MONDAY, October 28th—
- Juliette Alvin, 'Cello Recital, Grotrian Hall, 8.30.

TUESDAY, October 29th—
- Dr. W. J. Rose on "Progress in Poland," Friends House, 1.20.
- Prof. E. V. Appleton on "Scientific Progress," Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 6.
- National Peace Council Conference. Sir Arthur Salter, Lord Lothian, Leonard Barnes and others on "Peace and the Colonial Problem," Livingstone Hall, S.W., 10.45, 2.30, and 5.15.

THURSDAY, October 31st—
- Dance in Aid of the Goswell Women's Welfare Centre, Bush House Restaurant, 9.
- Dr. T. E. Gregory on "The Case against Planning," Friends' Hall, 8.30.
- Alistair Cooke on "The Cinema in Journalism," Film House, Wardour Street, 8.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

NOT being one of " those wise people who read *Punch* regularly," I have missed the Word War which Mr. A. P. Herbert has been waging in its columns and for that reason his polemics, collected and enlarged, and now published with the title of *What a Word!* (Methuen, 6s.) have come to me as a delightful surprise. The book is brilliantly witty and extremely sensible; I did not know the Word War was going on and feel I want to join in. Mr. Herbert gives a rousing call to arms.

> Worry about words. . . . For words are the tools of thought and you will often find that you are thinking badly because you are using the wrong tools, trying to bore a hole with a screw-driver or draw a cork with a coal-hammer.

The last image is good. Mr. Herbert knows well enough that one can, if necessary, knock the neck off a bottle, but it is a barbarous act just as it is barbarous of the Naval Dockyard authorities to write *deratization* when they mean getting rid of rats, or ratting. One of the most attractive things about Mr. Herbert's methods is that he attacks by name prominent persons who have strayed into the enemy camp and pillories them publicly. My own name is not, thank God, to be found in the index of this edition of his book and it is a pleasure to find one's fellow writers held up, as awful examples, to horror and contempt. Mr. Herbert is just a little inclined to go for the words he dislikes, and the persons who use them, bald-headed. He will not, I feel sure, object to this delightful adjective which commemorates the heroism of one who has lent his name to many excellent pubs—the Marquess of Granby whose wig blew off during a cavalry charge. Thus Mr. Herbert pillories Mr. Aldous Huxley for writing: " this unseemly demonstration was not *motivated* by political considerations." *Motivate* is offensive and quite unnecessary, but Lord Lytton used it before Mr. Huxley. Certainly that is not much of an excuse, but I think it is ridiculous of Mr. Herbert to object to Professor Julian Huxley using the word *parasitize*, even in connection with suburbs and arterial roads. Biologists have been using the word for half a century without meaning any harm, Professor Huxley grew up with it in the nursery and I think it is merely ignorant to make a fuss about it now. I hesitate to defend Mr. Wilfrid Gibson for writing: " to *essentialize* the spirit of the country," though as a matter of fact the cursed word was used in 1669. Perhaps it is safer to let such words go by and only to pillory the words which are really wrong, both legally and morally—such words as *diarize*, *debabelize*, *backwardate* and *disencourage*.

* * *

Mr. Herbert's idea of a war is not so good as an appeal to law to restrain the aggressive lawless invaders that threaten to smother our language with poison gas. The only effective restraints are by such sanctions as boycott, pillorying the aggressor, and endless argumentative expostulations. It is essential before starting a private blood-feud that one should examine the case for and against a word with strict impartiality. Mr. Herbert, although a lawyer, has too little regard for precedent and he has plunged into this ruthless campaign without ever consulting the *Oxford Dictionary*, and the *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* appears inadequate. For example, I have no doubt that he is pleased at having pilloried Mr. Baldwin for saying:

> If an authoritarian state—there are three of them in Europe . . .

Mr. Herbert is delighted because his dictionary tells him that *authoritarian* means " favourable to the principle of authority," and points out that all states must be favourable to it. The O.E.D., however, adds to that definition *as opposed to that of individual freedom* and gives two examples of the use of the word which go a long way towards justifying Mr. Baldwin's use and explaining how he came to employ it.

> Gambetta was accused of being an authoritarian . . .
> A lover of liberty, not an authoritarian . . .

Mr. Herbert pillories Mr. Baldwin six times altogether, and except for one puzzling metaphor about a moat in the sky, which may be merely an example of the Prime Minister's poetical imagination, he never proves him really guilty of a crime. For example, when Mr. Baldwin used the word *issue* twice, first meaning a conclusion and secondly a question to be decided, in two consecutive sentences, he was not mis-using the word but only working it hard. But when Mr. Peter Fleming wrote: *we had been issued by the Japanese Consulate-General with automatic pistols* he was grotesquely wrong, for the words mean that the Consulate-General had made an issue of armed war-correspondents. He should have written: " issued automatic pistols for our use." But Mr. Herbert has a blind hatred of *issues* of every sort and hardly distinguished between them. Thus he escapes the pedantry of those who rightly speak of " a new issue of shares " and rightly object to " a new issue of capital."

* * *

Of course, the O.E.D. is not a final authority; it includes thousands of horrible words merely because some brutes have used them once or twice in print; but I suspect Mr. Herbert does not use it because he does not want to know what there is to be said in favour of the words he hates, and his book loses because he attacks too many things and shows prejudice. It seems to me almost a national misfortune that he should have launched an attack in this admirable book on the New (or Restored) pronunciation of Latin. I cannot understand either pronunciation myself, but the schoolmasters are everywhere committed to the new pronunciation and their help is essential in the fight against foul words, which they are continually meeting and are in a position to stamp out *weewah woakay* as Mr. Herbert scornfully writes it. To refrain from attempting Latin quotations in one's daily life is, for some of us, a small price to pay for their support, though most schoolmasters of course use perfectly disgusting words. The chief point, however, is that questions of pronunciation should be kept out of a campaign against words. A great many people have a fine sense of English and a pure vocabulary though they speak with a Lancashire, an Irish, or even an Australian accent. That, by the way, brings one to the word *lousy*, which Mr. Herbert rightly defends as a realistic metaphor, given a wider currency by the Great War, and it provides another instance of the importance of consulting the O.E.D. For Mr. Herbert tells us he was fighting his battles over again the other day with some old soldiers who told him that in their division men spoke not of being *lousy*, but of being *chatty*. " I cannot by the way find *chatty* in the S.O.E.D." says Mr. Herbert. But he would have found *Chat sb. Thieves cant. A louse.* in the O.E.D.

* * *

The real hope, I believe, is to reform journalists and writers. Most of the horrible words are first seen in print and are spread by it. Yet, for professional reasons, almost all journalists want to be thought to write well. If a number of our readers kept writing to us to say they were giving up taking the paper because we wrote so badly we should soon all be writing in the style of Walter Pater. Mr. Herbert does not, I will add, spare the *New Statesman*; he finds a colleague " facing up to the necessity of doing certain fundamental socialist things " and suggests it would be a case of *facing down*. Let us face things like our fathers, admit our shame, and sin no more. Otherwise we, and everyone else, will go from bad to worse and we shall all be writing of a lady " who identified herself with the Boy Scout movement and Salisbury cathedral," of " the curate who read the first lesson while the vicar read the second," of " the antagonist and the protagonist," of " entertainment-value," of " obituarism," and then as Max Baer said after losing his boxing match: " we shall have no alibi." Strangely enough Mr. Herbert never mentions two of the phrases which I most hate: *one hundred per cent.* and *fifty-fifty*. They are not joking matters.

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A few extracts from the reviews of 'Seven Pillars of Wisdom' by T. E. Lawrence

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CONCHIES ALL

We Did Not Fight. 1914-18 Experiences of War-Resisters. Edited by JULIAN BELL. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7s. 6d.

To-day in a Europe where people are beaten to death for holding the wrong opinions, the inclusion of a " conscience clause " in the Military Service Act at a critical moment of the war seems in retrospect a remarkable example of tolerance. The historian of the future may one day consider it the high-water mark of Liberalism in Europe. According to the Act a man who could establish the genuineness of his objection was entitled to absolute exemption from military service. Of course very few got it, as this record of the experience of a mixed bunch of conscientious objectors show, and Mr. Adrian Stephen concludes a most interesting book with an analysis of the motives and methods of the Tribunals whose actions, in effect, neutralised the intentions of the Act. The shop-keepers, land-owners and local bigwigs who mostly composed the Tribunals naturally regarded the conscience clause as a piece of sentimental folly. They were prepared to let off some of the sons of widows and a good many shop-keepers, farmers and bigwigs whose work was, like their own, of obvious " national importance." But to exempt a young man because he had unusual views about society or a cranky religion went against their stomachs. The examinations were often farcical. I myself remember Tribunals getting tied up in argument, bandying texts of Scripture, measuring the Old Testament against the New as an article for war-time consumption, and I have known them seriously embarrassed by the discovery that the man before them was only loyal in war-time to a faith which they themselves had professed in time of peace. The man they could not stand at any price was the one with the political conscience, who refused to fight against those whom he regarded as his German comrades abroad, though he was desperately keen on fighting his capitalist enemies at home. It is a measure of the peculiarity of British conditions that this was the only type of war resister that the continental mind understood and there is an interesting difference between the essays in this book written by English objectors and those by German, Austrian and French Socialists. Harry Pollitt's account of stopping the " Jolly George " after the war is the kind of war-resistance that the continental Socialist could understand and Mr. Maxton's use of a Tribunal's permission to do work of national importance in order that he might continue active political propaganda would seem to them only common sense. Mr. Langdon-Davies describes how he came to take a similar decision. But most political objectors shared the experiences described by Mr. Millar in this book and spent a year or two in jail.

The Tribunals preferred Quakers whose opinions were known and could be checked up in books, or Plymouth Brothers who were willing to do almost anything which did not violate the scriptural commandment " Thou shalt not kill." Considering the atmosphere of that time, how the preachers were calling on the Lord of Hosts to help them in the task of slaughtering Germans, how men were beginning to fear that the war might be lost, how the illusion as well as the idealism was passing and how the facts were beginning to trickle through from soldiers home on leave and how possible it seemed that we might lose the war—considering all this the wonder is that any care at all should have been taken to preserve the liberty of the subject. But just because the Government had the intelligence to leave this loop-hole for conscience, the ranks of the war-resisters were divided. Some took the absolutely Quaker position—men like Edward Grubb and Corder Catchpool, who came back from voluntary ambulance service in France in order that he might go to prison, or like Stephen Hobhouse who resisted all the efforts of his influential friends to get him a cushy job and made so much of his prison experiences that the book in which he collaborated after the war inspired some real improvements in prison conditions. I think on the whole the C.O. who had the best time was the man like David Garnett or Olaf Stapledon, who shared with me the experience of remaining a civilian (able to refuse orders and go back to prison if at any time he felt it necessary) while serving in France relieving the conditions of destitute French refugees or in ambulance or other relief work. The C.O.s in the War Victims' Relief and the Friends Ambulance Unit worked hard, felt that they were doing a job which was in itself worth while, were only intermittently in physical danger, but were not so out of things as to feel miserable and useless. I do not say that this or any other kind of " alternative service " was consistent, but I am not sure that it was more inconsistent than most of the other possible positions.

In my own case it arose in this way. I went before one of the few Tribunals that took their job seriously, and as I came armed with a letter from the officer commanding the O.T.C. at my public school, even the military representative despaired of getting me into his net. I left the Court with a certificate of absolute exemption. But to do nothing, to go to Cambridge or work in England at some ordinary occupation was psychologically impossible. I was quite prepared to go to prison, but nobody asked me to. So I joined the F.A.U. and went to France, where I learnt to do very badly an immense collection of odd jobs. I was a cook (I still shudder as I think of the messes that I made people eat); I acted as lavatory attendant, warder of suicidal lunatics, coal carrier, coach-cleaner, stretcher-bearer and " skilled " nurse. The very oddest job I ever remember doing was weeding the railway line underneath a standing railway train. The R.T.O. at Abbeville, which was the headquarters of ambulance trains, was determined that his sidings should be the smartest in France.

The inevitable question that arises from reading this collection of war-resistance essays is whether the C.O. was really just a funk. Deep analysis, I think, might show that the average C.O. had more than the usual repulsion from pain and death. But I believe it would be a mistake to assume that it was usually lack of courage that led to his decision and when we did come under shell-fire C.O.s usually behaved much as other people. The people at home, the women who gave you white feathers, the friends who cut you, the elderly gentlemen who wanted you shot—these non-combatants divided the world into two classes, heroes and cowards. But once in khaki I made two discoveries. The first was that " conchies " were as mixed a lot as any other body of men, some brave and some not, and the second that soldiers (who also reacted to danger in all sorts of different ways) cherished none of the illusions of the non-combatants at home. They would grin when they heard you were a conchy and say, always tolerantly, and often sincerely: " Good luck to you. I wish I had thought of that dodge myself "—which, while you were still idealistic and anxious to justify yourself was more worrying than a cold shoulder. It was only after you had been in France a bit yourself that you began to share their doubts of all idealism and to wonder whether you had not after all done something rather smart. The decisive factor after all was education, training and tradition. For me who had always been brought up in a minority expecting to go to prison when war came, no special courage was involved in standing against the herd at my public school where, I should add, I found a good deal more tolerance and understanding than I had any right to expect. But for most young men more pluck was needed to refuse to fight than to become a soldier. The soldier's courage begins on the battle-field; there was heroism enough there, but the question of courage never arose in England for the majority of recruits. When the blood runs swiftly a call which unites danger with honour is just what most of us are longing for. Stories of discomfort, mud, vermin, mutilation and death have never yet deterred young men from risk and adventure. Health, boredom with the routine of home life, natural gregariousness and an ordinary lack of imagination were enough to fill the ranks with willing recruits in the early days of the war. The demand for courage came in France, not in England. Nor do I think that most C.O.s lacked this commonplace courage. They just stuck to their loyalty as others stuck to theirs. For my part the predominant fear was that I might miss the war. I had a passionate desire to be " in things." I was after experience and adventure, but unable to fall in step, because of a training which made that which was honourable to others disgraceful to me. The thought of spending the war in prison frightened me more than the trenches. Physical courage scarcely enters into the question when one is eighteen.

The arrival of the Totalitarian State and the development of war in the air have made any repetition of the British 1916 situation almost impossible. In the next national war there will be far more war-resisters and fewer conchies than in the last. There will, no doubt, be many whose objection will be based on Christian principles and many who will share the experience described by Mrs. Sargent Florence, who began without political conviction and who revolted against useless slaughter and found herself drawn into a political struggle for peace. (Mrs. Florence began as a young journalist on Ford's Peace Ship and writes one of the most interesting essays in this book on that heroic and abortive effort and on her subsequent work in trying to keep America out of the war. It is interesting to notice that an equally sincere

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pacifist, Sir Norman Angell, describes in this book how for pacifist reasons he tried to persuade America to come into the war.) But whatever the personal reasons for war-resistance, the essential basis is the possession of a loyalty above that of loyalty to the State, and I expect Lord Allen is right in saying that mass resistance will never be effective, unless conscription is being enforced. In this book Bertrand Russell discusses the problem of resistance to the mass psychology of war :

> To stand out against a war, when it comes, a man must have within himself some passion so strong and so indestructible that mass hysteria cannot touch it. The Christian war resister loves his enemies ; the Communist war resister hates his government. Neither of these causes of resistance was available for me ; what kept me from war fever was a desire for intellectual sobriety, for viewing matters involving passionate emotion as if they were elements in a formula of symbolic logic. I found it useful to think of nation *x*, nation *y*, and nation *z* instead of England, France and Germany. But the effort was considerable, and hardly left me the mental energy to apply the same process when *x* was the British Government and *y* was the imprisoned pacifists. I still think, however, that intellectual sobriety is very desirable in war time, and I should wish all who, in anticipation, expect to stand out against the next war, to practise the habit of translating concretes into abstracts, so as to see whether their reasonings still seem convincing when the emotion has been taken out of them. In theory, we all know that this is essential to scientific thinking, but the war showed that it is more difficult than many people suppose.

Here is another loyalty greater than patriotism—loyalty to a standard of intellectual integrity. It leaves out, I think, as Bertrand Russell himself realised, the necessity that most men feel for a political loyalty above the State. Many had hoped that the League of Nations would embody this. To-day that seems improbable and it looks as if in the next war the war-resister who needs an external symbol to which he may attach himself will still have to make do with his own vision of an international Socialist community.

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River Niger. By SIMON JESTY. *Boriswood.* 7s. 6d.
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Virgin Soil Upturned is a novel without a hero—or, rather, the hero is an idea : collectivization—embodied, as the story continues, in the Gremyachy Village Stalin Collective Farm. From the characters, any vestige of the romantic, a bourgeois tradition, has been entirely stripped. It is true that Davidov, "a metal worker Communist, one of the 25,000 workers mobilized by the Soviet Communist Party to organise collective farming," is, at times, gigantic in his persistence. For the people of Gremyachy, a Don village, do not take to collective farming gladly. There is an undercurrent of White intrigue. Evicted kulaks hang about the village, spreading disaffection and making for no good. Individualism and property sense are still rampant—peasants who had voted for the Collective Farm slaughter their livestock sooner than see them go there. The elected Farm Manager turns out to be a snake, with White sympathies. The women are, as ever, wayward and intractable : collectivization of fowl does not appeal to them ; later, news that Gremyachy grain is being deported for use at a Collective Farm in another village precipitates a female riot, in which Razmiotov, Chairman of the Village Soviet, is debagged, and Davidov beaten up. Nagulov, a zealot, Secretary of the Gremyachy Village Communist Party, who has laid out a lukewarm supporter with the butt of a pistol and gone too far in the matter of collectivising the fowl, is reproved at Headquarters and expelled from the Party. Razmiotov has led off badly by trading the blood bull imported for stock for a motor bicycle—purpose unspecified. There is a hangover from religion about the village, and sex is giving the same trouble as ever. Desire cannot be socialised. Nagulov's pretty wife insists on wearing suspenders, carries on with a kulak and makes a dead set at Davidov when she has left home. Razmiotov's mistress, a tiger woman, removes her goods from the Collective Farm by force, and starts going to church again. . . . In the face of all this, slowly but gathering momentum, the Collective Farm proceeds, like a tractor toppling stickily over the brow of a hill.

Fanaticism, introspection and persecution mania ravage this cast of minor characters ; there are shapeless quarrels and endless monologues. The more you are ground down into the community, the more need you, apparently, have to find yourself interesting. So that this remains a novel in the grand Russian tradition. The great light landscape, as ever, dominates everything—nights snapping with frost (and loud, round about Gremyachy, with the bellows of covertly slaughtered beasts) the burning of cold stars, anonymous plains. The book opens upon that everlasting romantic, the solitary horseman. The scenic writing is great with exhilaration and beauty. The break between Sholokhov's people and Turgenev's people stays exterior, political, arbitrary—no will can dictate what we are to feel or be. Signs of the times most appear in the prevalence of bullying—an authorised, high-class bullying of everyone in the name of everyone else. Two evictions of kulaks that occur in the book would aliment the worst dreams of a *Daily Mail* lady reader as to what may happen when the Reds get their way—people marching into the house and taking her fur coat, taking everything. As would, also, the aspirations of Nagulov, a simple soul, wife-deserted, learning English at nights in order to be with us when the Revolution is here.

> "So you've drunk the blood of your English working-classes, of the Indians and other oppressed nations ? So you've exploited other men's labour ? Stand up against the wall, you bloody reptile." That's all the conversation I shall have with them. They'll be the first words I shall learn. So that I can get them out without hesitating.

There is robust humour. A kulak's wife, in course of being evicted, tries to make a getaway with a live goose, up to now her own, and a setting of goose eggs. Diemka, a collective worker, seizes the bird's head :

> Dribbling with spittle, her feet firmly planted against the step, the dishevelled woman pulled the bird towards her. The goose had at first given voice to a stupid cry, but now it was silent, and evidently Diemka was choking it. But it flapped its wings madly, and white down and feathers whirled like snowflakes about the porch. It seemed that in another minute Diemka must be victorious and tear the half-dead goose from the woman's knotted hands. But at that moment the bird's feeble neck quietly cracked at the joints and came apart from the body. The woman's skirt flew over her head, and she tumbled thundering down from the porch, her body bumping heavily on each step. Groaning with surprise, Diemka, holding only the goose's head, fell into the basket on the floor just behind him, and crushed the half-hatched eggs. A tremendous outburst of laughter shook the icicles from the roof.

The cossack's farewell to his ox, bound for the Collective Farm, is, on the other hand, very moving. On the whole, however, I cannot recommend *Virgin Soil Upturned* to lovers of animals. Nor, for the matter of that, to an at all nervous bourgeoisie. But the vitality and largeness of the book overcame my own apathy about collective farming. And there is more than vitality—Sholokhov's approach to his subject has a high bland quality, almost like amusement, that I suppose is art. If you are not squeamish, if you are reasonably disengaged from belongings, read *Virgin Soil Upturned*. And be thankful you do not *have* to—I note that : "By a Soviet order every supervisor of a Collective Farm is forced to read this book. Over 1,500,000 copies have been sold in Russia." One way to best sell.

Mr. Howard Spring takes us back to the bloody reptiles ; to long sleek cars, rich rooms, hot hotels, mirrors and Persian cats. And—one book being read hard on the top of the other—an almost equally odd world it seems. *Rachel Rosing* is one of those success novels with a sting in the tail, about someone making a series of objectives, then coming down finally over some minor error. It is not unlike a Bennett success novel, only more uneasy and less concrete. Rachel Rosing, the beautiful Manchester Jewess, starts down and out at Blackpool, but her good head and cold heart do brilliantly for her. Then, in her rich husband's house in Portman Square, she is, repeatedly, rude to an imperial orange Persian cat : also, she is offhand with her lover's sister. These two antagonisms combine, in one accident, to wreck her. She comes to a hideous end—virtually, it is an end. This unmodern moral tale, written with an Edwardian sophistication, is to be recommended for reading after dinner.

I Let Him Go is the history of a conscience. Mr. Brophy writes better than he tells a story. Several chapters read too much like essays ; much of their excellence is irrelevant to the plot. The scene is Liverpool, London, Cairo. Should one hand one's young wife's murderer over to justice ? Mr. Brophy's hero, for reasons shown, does not. The book is serious enough, both in

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LONGMANS

its claims and its qualities, to merit a fuller review, but I have not space here.

Mrs. Strachey's naively noble mid-nineteenth-century heroine visits Paris and loses her heart to Lamartine during the 1848 revolution. Their heroic mutual feeling for one another comes nearest expression in a talk over a fire in which he has burnt some papers. Margaret returns to England, cold with sorrow, and marries a patient lover. The settings are good; the book is well documented and written with dignity. It deserves, and no doubt has found already, many readers.

River Niger is hysterical and explosive. It is about Voodoo and black blood, has a Cornish setting and, were it intelligible, need not have been dull. T. E. Lawrence wrote a generous letter about it, which is printed as preface to the book. "Its verbal ping-pong was too clever for me. I saw I was only a retired colonel." He detects Faulkner, Firbank, Meredith and "some Priestleyness." To this I can only add, query, James Branch Cabell. He adds: "It is almost wanton in its merit." Lawrence read to the end with an admirable patience. I stuck like a fly in the style half-way through. At the beginning of each part there is a quotation from Faulkner, who, I think, has it, in the long run, though I thought I smelt Powys, too. But there must be a Mr. Jesty somewhere. Much depends on how you feel about Voodoo. "A Tartarean night that fouled the very will. A scream from Judy split this dome of hell."

After this, *Beyond Sing the Woods*. This Scandinavian novel is clean and cumberous. If you are easily bored, or if you do not like your emotions about nature dragged up and inflated, preferring to have them left quiet and even cryptic, you may not like this book. But I take it to be a good Scandinavian novel. It covers two generations. The men are men of the woods, virile but not impulsive. A certain amount happens: a bear troubles the neighbourhood, ice breaks under a sledge-load of people, a crag topples into a valley, crushing the body of a son of the house who has already been stabbed on his way back from a ball. "Summer came, and autumn and winter; spring again and summer. . . . The years passed." The windows of Bjorndal manor are often dim with ice, and quite often a funeral winds away. The women are melancholy, but less dull than the men; the woods continue to surround everything; the atmosphere is timeless. All the same, this novel is honest and not a fake. German critics praise it highly, and I can see why. To those who read Scandinavian novels with pleasure I recommend this one, very good of its kind. ELIZABETH BOWEN

WHAT TO DO

The Simple Case for Socialism. By G. D. H. COLE. *Gollancz.* 5s.

New Trends in Socialism. Edited by G. E. G. CATLIN. *Lovat Dickson.* 5s.

Here we have two intelligent summaries of the chances of substituting a democratic socialistic Government in politics and economics for the capitalism which is the real government, whether under the name of Fascism or parliamentarism, in every important nation outside Russia. The two presentments are in substantial agreement in rejecting Utopianism, forceful revolutionism and Communism, as undesirable or impracticable politics for Britain and other Western countries.

The "simplicity" which Mr. Cole claims is of course a relative term. His exposition is in plain intelligible language, avoiding the more technical terminology of the social sciences. But the subject is so inherently complex, raising so many doubtful and difficult issues as to demand the closest concentration of the reader. Mr. Cole is primarily concerned to show that Socialism, in the sense of a democratic planning and control of industry as a whole, is attainable for this nation within a reasonable time and can be operated with success alike as regards the production, distribution and consumption of goods and services. He tackles seriatim the various practical objections raised by Conservative economists and business men, who, while admitting some waste and injustice in the capitalist system, urge that its transformation into State Socialism would mean either the bureaucratic paralysis of progress or the still more destructive intrusions of partisan motives into the conduct of business. Starting from the undeniable assumption that the competitive capitalism under which profitable industry flourished during the greater part of last century, is visibly collapsing under the new technology and the advancing cartelisation, Mr. Cole argues that a general planning for national industry as a whole would involve less, not more, difficulties than beset the detailed business planning of to-day with its unpredictable and ever-fluctuating markets. He denies that a profiteering system is needed for the effective working of a costs and prices system, and argues that under such a national organisation as he envisages supply and demand would be correlated far more effectively, so far as the welfare of producers and consumers is concerned, than is possible under our present disorderly arrangements. A most valuable chapter is devoted to the institutional changes needed to establish a national control, consistent with the demand for industrial democracy. He sketches briefly proposals which he has set out more fully elsewhere for the application of the democratic principles to a National Council, Regional Councils and single factories, with special emphasis upon the need for utilising the advice of the technicians who are the brains of industrialism. Mr. Cole does not underrate the practical difficulties of evoking the necessary whole-hearted co-operation involved in the snobbish separatism of the class system, and he would have "labour" concentrate upon winning over the sections of the middle-classes to whom an effective appeal can be made. That Socialism cannot be complete without internationalism on a democratic basis is acknowledged, but that process must be very slow and should not be allowed to retard the national movement fortified by planned control of foreign trade and its finance.

New Trends of Socialism, though in essential agreement with the Cole attitude, naturally shows some divergences in detail among the young intellectuals who are its chief contributors. A good deal of space is given to foreign policy and the perils to democracy involved in the spread of Fascism. Marxism is subjected to keen criticism in its theories of costs and "surplus," and there is a perhaps excessive disparagement of the Marxian exploitation doctrine, especially in its bearing upon Imperialism and war. The lack of domestic purchasing power, due to a maldistribution of income, is visibly responsible for economic Imperialism. Mr. Jay therefore wrongly denies that the industrialised countries are compelled to push for exports.

Perhaps the most valuable chapter is by Mr. Gaitskell on "Financial Policy in the Transition Period," in which he discusses the practicable ways in which a socialist Government might meet at its outset the threats of financial sabotage. A chapter on "The Strategy of Victory" argues that even a rapid process of nationalisation need not alarm unduly the owners of capital, provided it were not accompanied by wholesale confiscation. The writer, like Mr. Cole, does not contemplate any revolutionary action, unless the reckless use of propaganda by capitalists involves unconstitutional resistance to a Labour Government. Personal liberty under an advancing policy of democratic Socialism, which will give security of livelihood, increase of leisure, and a real share in economic and political government to all who choose to use their free opportunities—such is the prospect held out by Professor Catlin in his concluding chapter, "Whither the Labour Party?" Britain can do this work better than other countries. "It has yet to be shown that Britain has lost this power of leadership and this talent for the settlement of disputes, the power of reconciling attachment to liberty with respect for public authority, the power of maintaining responsible government by discussion instead of irresponsible government by force." J. A. HOBSON

BYRON 1811—1816

Byron, the Years of Fame. By PETER QUENNELL. *Faber and Faber.* 15s.

Mr. Quennell has written a good book about Byron. Some of his matter is new; and what is not new is freshly presented: also, he has style. The stream of his prose runs lively and clear; there are no stagnant pools, and only a few choppy reaches. For it must be confessed that, notwithstanding the good offices of "Mr. Christopher Hobhouse, Mr. Cyril Connolly and Mr. John Hayward" to whom he is indebted "for much stern yet kindly criticism of my syntax" he does let slip from time to time sentences that are the very devil to construe. Is it not rather surprising that not one of the three censors should have drawn his attention to this, for instance? "His attitude towards his servants was patriarchal; stern enough when it came to reprimanding the bastard-getting operations of rustic Lotharios, his household usually included some pretty and privileged young woman whose presumption often set it by the ears." Unless I mistake, Mr. Quennell's entanglements spring generally, either from a taste

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for long parentheses—nothing easier after one or two of these than somehow to lose sight of the principal verb—or from the habit of beginning sentences with an adjectival clause. This practice, to be sure, makes for ease and elegance; and there is nothing to be said against it provided the writer never forgets to supply a subject from which the clause can hang.

But Mr. Quennell has style; and by comparison what do a few grammatical peccadillos signify? He chooses and places his words with intention—the intention of expressing his attitude to the matter in hand. This attitude may be something as delicate as the shrug of a shoulder or the lifting of an eyebrow; and when an author can convey such subtleties by his choice and placing of words, style he has assuredly. The gift is peculiarly important on occasions of this sort; for it is difficult to see how, without it, the things that Mr. Quennell has to say could have been said. And with yet another gift essential to the writing of good biography has he been blest: he can incorporate all sorts of quotations in his text without interrupting the flow of his narrative.

Mr. Quennell has written with a frankness, superior to anything I can recall in books about Byron, concerning the poet's "love-life." Until we have come to some honest conclusion in this matter we can hardly form an opinion of the man's character. That Byron was abnormally susceptible to feminine allurement, that he was a moderately ardent and highly sentimental luster after innumerable women, is not disputed. What this study makes pretty clear is that he was, in every sense of the word, abnormal. This recognised, that surprising legacy in his first will of seven thousand pounds to Nicolo Giraud, a young and handsome Athenian, ceases to be surprising. Also we need no more puzzle over that passage in the last poem which has provoked a deal of puzzlement.

> "Tread those reviving passions down
> Unworthy manhood. . . . ."

Certainly there was nothing in his feelings for La Contessa Guiccioli which any reasonable person could have deemed "unworthy manhood."

For our conception of Byron's character we must, of course, depend chiefly on his relations with women; for about them we know a good deal. But Mr. Quennell does not make the mistake of seeking "the real Byron" exclusively in his moments of excitement and distress. He observes him also in his relations with friends and fellow scribblers; and here, it seems to me, does the poet less than justice. No one will deny that Byron could be vain, pretentious, snobbish, superstitious and sentimental, or that he was all by turns and each pretty often. Nevertheless, I maintain that, compared with his contemporaries of the trade, he cuts a respectable figure. Follow him, for instance, in his dealings with actors, authors, managers and ballet-masters when he was on the Drury Lane committee, and you will be astonished by his good sense and good humour and the pains to which he put himself in order to spare the susceptibilities of the tribe. Unlike most poets of his or any other day, Byron was capable of laughing at himself and his works. He could show a fine, careless magnanimity on occasions. He could behave, in fact, as a man of the world ought to behave. I am not unaware that such behaviour comes more easily to a writer with an unearned income and an assured position than to one who depends on his art for his living and his place in society. Nevertheless, compared with the monstrous vanity of Wordsworth or the vulgar touchiness of Leigh Hunt, Byron's cynical good sense comes as a relief. Also, I think, in estimating his character, Mr. Quennell has relied too much on Lady Blessington. As I see it, Byron fooled her ladyship to the top of her bent. He told her precisely what she wanted to hear, and what he was very willing should be believed. He presented her with exactly the character the novel-reading public was looking for; and watched, I imagine, with amusement and pleasure his beautiful *confidante* hurrying off to note down those secrets of the heart with which he had thought fit to favour her.

Mr. Quennell admits very properly that it cannot be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Byron committed incest with his half sister Augusta, but adds that impartial and intelligent people feel quite sure that he did. Presumably this was the avowed cause of separation. But the case, Byron versus Byron, does not end there. And here again I think the biographer has been a little unfair. He depends, I take it, on Miss Colburn Mayne's account of the matter, that is on the account handed to the public by Lady Byron's family. Miss Mayne's scholarship and integrity are, of course, above suspicion. What is not clear is whether Miss Mayne had access to *all* the Wentworth papers. There was, I understand, some correspondence on the subject in,

of all places, the *Daily Mail*—correspondence which I have not seen, and there appear to be grounds for supposing that Miss Mayne was allowed to see only such documents or parts of documents as the family considered it expedient she should see. If this be so, final judgment in the case must be suspended.

Meanwhile, one may be allowed to think it strange that, if that now world-famous honeymoon was the unmitigated inferno it is sometimes represented as having been, Lady Byron should have emerged from it with the endearing pet-name of "Pippin." Though no one dare suggest that Byron behaved otherwise than vilely, it is right to remember that he had made unmistakeable efforts to break off the engagement. But no: the strong-minded, high-principled Miss Milbanke was sure she could manage him (the sagacious Fletcher said that "he never knew a lady who couldn't manage my lord except my lady"); she by sheer force of virtue, character and intellect would reclaim the most dazzling sinner of the age. In the circumstances, a nicer man than Byron might have cut up nasty. As for trying to make out that Lady Byron was good, as the word is now used, I will make bold to say that no one, whom we should call a decent human being, could have treated anyone as she and Mrs. Villiers treated Augusta in the years after the separation.

There is more, much more, to be said, but not the space to say it. Only I would repeat, what I hope I have made clear already, that Mr. Quennell has written a brilliant, and, what is more, an important, book, and, what is still more, one of those books which it is a positive pleasure to read.

CLIVE BELL

A NEW INDIVIDUALISM

World Without Faith. By JOHN BEEVERS. *Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.*

This book is splendidly youthful and impetuous—in other words, it is often slapdash in thought and slipshod in style. Mr. Beevers gaily dismisses those he disagrees with as unintelligent, and his arguments are, I think, not strengthened by his way of referring to "Grandpa Fry" and Mr. Eliot's backside. The chapter on visual art is specially weak, because, as Mr. Beevers honestly (and needlessly) tells us, he knows precious little about the subject. Indeed, it would be easy to fill a column with his reckless remarks. Yet I should like to see the book a best-seller, for it is full of a rough common sense which is very unfashionable with the author's contemporaries. Mr. Beevers is a lively critic of literature and current notions, and writes with a vigour appropriate to his convictions.

He begins by describing the disintegration of traditional and anthropocentric beliefs caused by the discoveries of the biologist, the anthropologist, the psychologist and the physicist. Civilised man has dwindled in his own eyes to a higher mammal without free will, emotionally hardly distinguishable from a cannibal—a fortuitous and ephemeral occurrence lost in immeasurable space and time. It is the resulting panic, the book maintains, which is driving him to refuge in myths new and old. Unable to face unsupported his own unimportance, the individual huddles with his fellows—he becomes a Communist or a Fascist, escapes into a veneration for tradition like Mr. Eliot, or tries to invent new superstitions like D. H. Lawrence. The disease is well described, but I am not so sure about the diagnosis. Mr. Beevers pours deserved contempt on "Back to Nature" movements and the fear of the machine. I suspect, however, that it is changed ways of life rather than changed ways of thought (in so far as they can be differentiated) which are responsible for the present epidemic neurosis: that Edison and Ford and Marconi have done more to put people off their balance than Darwin and Freud and Einstein. But man may be able to dominate the machine, while he presumably cannot alter his position in the universe. If Mr. Beevers's diagnosis is correct, the outlook is blacker than he allows.

"We are outgrowing the need of any spiritual support," he cries, but his whole book is evidence to the contrary. Mr. Beevers, like his adversaries, is here believing what he wants to believe. The difficulty is not to prove that the ideology of Mussolini or D. H. Lawrence is irrational, but to cure man of his passionate hunger for such ideologies. "God knows," Mr. Beevers cries, "God knows I am tired of men going about asking in what they shall believe. What need is there of belief? Why should we go whining after new creeds, after any creed at all? Are there no men strong enough to live without crutches?" These are meant to be rhetorical questions, but in fact they require an answer which Mr. Beevers does not provide. He says of his book:

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This work is much more than a bald biography. On the one hand, it co-ordinates Chesterfield with the society in which he lived, giving realistic pictures of the prominent people of the period. On the other hand, it places the celebrated "Letters," which are the basis of Chesterfield's fame, in the environment of the writer's career. The book forms an outstanding study of English society in the early eighteenth century.

Mary Tudor

By BEATRICE WHITE, M.A. (LOND.), *author of "Royal Nonsuch."* *Illustrated.* *15s.*

This book is an attempt to dispel the popular phantom of "Bloody" Mary.

"Her use of illustrative material to paint in the background is sufficiently lavish and her own narrative powers are notable—so many readers will enjoy the book and learn the lesson. . . . The rise in the level of popular historical biography which has been a welcome feature of recent years is manifest in this book. . . . Miss White's book is well worth reading."—*The Times Literary Supplement.*

The Clash of Progress and Security

By ALLAN G. B. FISHER, Professor of Economics in the University of Otago, N.Z. *8s. 6d.*

That the possibilities of material progress are apt to be frustrated in the effort to gain individual security in a capitalist economy is the theme examined in this book. The author presents a formidable array of evidence from current sources in many lands showing that stagnation and protection of inefficiency are confused with "planning." Is this safety-first attitude he asks, "merely a temporary aberration, or does it indicate a radical decay of the structure of capitalism?"

[All Prices are net]

MACMILLAN

It is not a call-to-arms, not a rallying cry to any kind of new crusade. It is rather an attempt to say what should *not* be done, to persuade people to drop out of their present crusades and to chuck away most of the arms their fears have driven them to pick up. This may sound rather negative, but I'd sooner be shot than proclaim any too positive a creed—anything that might tempt people to believe in it. I do not want any more belief in the world than we've got at the moment. The less we have of it the better. We are being damned by ideologies and this is not meant as an addition to their number.

But one may describe his book as a declaration of faith in individualism, not the old individualism of chaotic competition and Devil take the hindmost, but that which can flourish in a rational society where the state exists for the sake of the individuals composing it, not the individuals for the sake of the state.

Then he explains how he can afford to be an individualist:

Why am I writing this book? Because I am happy—which is the best and only justifiable reason for writing or doing anything. There is no other worth a farthing. No one has a right to produce a book unless he is happy. To-day most things are written out of downright misery, because a man and his environment are at loggerheads, because he is discontented with his way of life, because he lets himself be bested by circumstance and situation.

This is loosely phrased, but does it not contain a lot of truth? How can we accept advice on how to live from a man like Lawrence, who never could escape from his own peevishness and discontent? Do Mr. Eliot's writings breathe that serenity of mind and generosity of heart which we should like to acquire for ourselves (and which incidentally are to be found in the writings of some who share his faith)? Does Hitler appear a happy and well-balanced man? One may agree, I think, that the fashionable faiths are obviously the products of unhappy men, but that is indeed the secret of their appeal. Most men are unhappy. The knowledge, moreover, of their unhappiness affects those of us who personally little care for complaint. A few intellectuals who are in William James's sense "tough-minded" can share Mr. Beevers's view. Most men cannot. And until psychologists can discover how to make us all happy, we shall continue to build and rely upon legends. But those who agree with Mr. Beevers may find some ground for hope in the fact that he is only twenty-three. The pendulum has swung as far, one trusts, as possible away from reason; and perhaps this book is a sign of the inevitable and required reaction.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

RESTLESS SCIENCE

More Simple Science. By E. N. DA C. ANDRADE AND JULIAN HUXLEY. *Blackwell.* 6*s.*

The Restless Universe. By MAX BORN. *Blackie.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Unsolved Problems of Science. By A. W. HASLETT. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

These three books are all for the public and they supplement each other. The now well-known collaboration of Andrade and Huxley aims at giving the young, whether in years or in knowledge, a smooth unbroken front. All the knowledge is woven in neatly so that the plaited ends come to the hand. Pull any of the tabs and a sequence of practical information is drawn. Here you may learn how best to set about mastering your environment. To twist an ancient motto, the Heavens are God knows whose, but the earth hath been given to the children of men. Shall we be able to get out of our present difficulties by an increase of power over our surroundings? That question is glanced at and the names of Charcot, Janet and Freud are mentioned, but no more. They are said to have given us a new view of the mind, but it is not said whether that view is going to help us understand and master ourselves as well as we have understood and mastered our circumstances. Perhaps simplicity in Science must always be something of an abstraction and all reference to psychology, which is certainly not simple and perhaps may never be a science, had better have been left out. But once we start omitting sciences about which doubts may arise where shall we stop? The real question seems to be, is Science to-day summing up or breaking out? Undoubtedly you can only write simple science with complete satisfactoriness if you are in the former and not in the latter stage. Physics is the tortoise-science on whose back all the other sciences are carried. It is a tortoise because it can carry so much, but no longer a tortoise in speed. Indeed the other sciences are finding it increasingly difficult to keep their seat on the back of this bolting creature. Max Born has done much to spur Physics. He calls his book *The Restless Universe* and he dedicates it to his son. He is resolved that the public and the young shall realise what is going on under their feet. Here is no settling down but a spreading earthquake. The book is fascinating, for Born keeps us at the stretch of understanding, every moment we feel we shall topple over from Physics into Metaphysics and yet the thread still just holds. The firm, sensible world of materialistic common sense becomes "vaguer and cloudier." The scientist, we are told, "finds nothing enduring. Not everything is knowable, still less predictable." What remains? "Amid the flight of phenomena stands the immutable pole of law." That has a curiously psychological flavour about it. Setting out to find the world have we got to come back and discover that we have first to understand ourselves? Mr. Haslett ranges more freely. He is not a physicist who has made revolutionary finds in the basic science. He reviews the whole common sense science front and points out how many riddles science, far from solving, has made more complicated. In this way his book is a useful supplement to *More Simple Science*. That shows how much of our front of necessary knowledge has been filled in. Mr. Haslett concentrates on the gaps. Reading Andrade and Huxley one might feel Science was almost complete, reading Haslett one may feel Science is only beginning. Which emotion is the more fruitful it would be hard to say. Perhaps it depends on temperament. But what is certain is that both are needed if we are to have an age which advances to the full range of its capacity. Systematist and explorer, they never like each other very much but each cannot really live without his opposite number. *Simple Science* and *Unsolved Problems* may be recommended like those seidlitz powders, to be taken one after the other. And if the liver of imagination is sluggish the practitioner should also prescribe a dose of *The Restless Universe*.

GERALD HEARD

SHORTER NOTICES

Contacts. By CURTIS BROWN. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The contacts made by a literary agent of standing are many, varied, important, and intimate. They touch human nature at its tenderest spots, vanity and self-interest; with results that are often as illuminating as they are amusing. What could be more ingenuously revealing than Mrs. Humphry Ward's pained reflection, when Mr. Curtis Brown had secured her an offer of £4,000 for film rights, that she would have to pay him £400 commission, or more naive than her astonishment when the offer being raised to £6,000 he wanted more than £400 as his share? To set against this what could be more charming than Mary Cholmondeley's response to the liberal terms Mr. Brown secured for her, that they were too high and "dear Mr. Murray would lose money"? Between these two Mr. Brown has noted a vast variety of reactions, from W. S. Gilbert's turning down as almost insulting a liberal offer for film rights to Mr. Bernard Shaw's happy contention that people who approached him through an agent should pay the agent handsomely for the introduction. The book teems with such glimpses into the literary mind; and has many a happy footnote to biography, such as Lawrence's letters dealing with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Pulpits and Preachers. By MURIEL HARRIS. *Methuen.* 5*s.*

Miss Muriel Harris attended some sixty London churches in order to describe the service and sermon. About half were of the Church of England. The Archbishops and the Bishop of London are not here, and there are other obvious absentees. Dr. Inge is the most eminent name. In every case Miss Harris gives a little portrait of the preacher, and it is odd how many square heads she finds, how many Byzantine noses and circumflex eyebrows. Her descriptions imply a considerable recent change in pulpit method, as, for instance, in the number of preachers who are now independent of manuscript. Miss Harris touches upon such details as peculiarities in the pronunciation of single words, and she hears an American accent in the one Australian on her list. But she has little attention for the spoken English of the Church as a phenomenon. She will praise a preacher's direct or unaffected utterance, but the evidence of the broadcast services we hear certainly goes to prove that the parsonic voice and style are still distressingly prevalent. Miss Harris's eye takes in not a few of the social differences between congregations, but she makes a few slips that are curious in so sharp an observer. Every church gathering, for example, contains women of all ages, so why remark upon it? And no reader will accept the statement concerning a certain heterodox meeting, that there was "not a high heel in the place." Miss Harris's précis method has one defect: it frequently leaves the reader in doubt as to the point at which her summary of the sermon begins. Perhaps half a dozen of the preachers speak like citizens of the contemporary world, Canon Dearmer and the late Father Jellicoe being conspicuous in this small company. The others for the most part leave an impression of vague substance, professional repetition, and remoteness from the life of the time.

In our Autumn Book List *Mozart* (Dent) was described as "revised and re-edited by Eric Blom." It is an entirely new work written by Mr. Blom.

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About Motoring

A STARTLING TRAFFIC REPORT

THE Ministry of Transport recently issued a very startling analysis of 1,500 road accidents which occurred in the early part of this year. A similar analysis was published two years ago, but suspended for some unknown reason in 1934. The principle of selection is not clear, but this interim report is presumably limited to 1,500 accidents, so that only those collisions may be included of which the Ministry possesses reliable details. There are two startling factors in the report. The first is the comparative innocence of motor-drivers, and the second is the remarkable degree of safety conferred by traffic control at cross roads. The Ministry, which cannot be regarded as holding any brief for motorists, and least of all for fast motorists, allocates the responsibility for the selected 1,500 accidents as follows: Pedestrians about 49 per cent. Motor drivers about 25 per cent. Pedal cyclists about 16 per cent., and other causes less than 10 per cent. Before these percentages are discussed, the second surprise must be quoted. 30.4 per cent. of the accidents occurred at cross roads, where 456 collisions were recorded, of which only *twenty-nine* took place at road junctions controlled by pointsmen or by robot lights. It is, of course, entirely impracticable to install some form of control at every road junction but it is perfectly feasible to control a great many dangerous crossings which are at present devoid of any protection, and further to reduce the element of danger at many crossings where the expense of signals or pointsmen is prohibitive.

The paper responsibility of pedestrians is vastly reduced in terms of sentiment when the age of the pedestrians is considered. In round figures half of the pedestrians held responsible were people of over fifty-five years of age, and 30 per cent. were children of less than five years of age. Pedestrians between five and fifty-five years of age are therefore hallmarked as rational and safe road users, responsible for fewer accidents than cyclists or motorists. Some years ago Colonel Mervyn O'Gorman pointed out that the solution of our road problems depended on the appointment of a research board, who should do for the roads what a research committee has already accomplished for aviation. The Ministry analysis demonstrates the value of his contention up to the hilt. This report identifies two extremely promising methods of economising human life, first, the devotion of concentrated attention to safeguarding road junctions, and secondly, removal of unaccompanied infants from the roads.

Another interesting feature of the report is its emphasis on dangerous hours. The "rush" hour, during which employed people are returning home from work with their faculties blurred by weariness, may be taken as approximately 5–6 p.m. on five days of every week. During this "rush" hour there are almost exactly twice as many accidents as occur daily between 2 and 3 p.m., although traffic congestion between 5 and 6 p.m. automatically reduces the speed of motor vehicles. This problem is less easily handled than those previously identified, but it bears out the conclusion inevitably drawn from the foregoing factors that the main cause of heavy road casualties is *confusion*. The infant of four years old is "confused" by traffic. The inexpert or unalert road user is "confused" at a busy road junction. The elderly pedestrian is "confused" by heavy traffic. The inexpert or daydreaming cyclist is "confused" by a traffic emergency. Other elements of "confusion" could be added, such as the "confusion" of a provincial driver by the network of roads in such a region as the Kingston by-pass, especially when the dazzle of headlamps and the reflections of all sorts of bright lamps from wet tar add to his bewilderment.

The report is quite conclusive in treating high speed as unimportant in the causation of accidents. 66.9 per cent. of the recorded accidents took place at less than 30 m.p.h. and only 7.4 per cent. of the crashes are proved to have occurred at over 30 m.p.h., whilst even in built-up areas less than 6 per cent. of the collisions were ascribable to speed. We must, in consequence of this analysis, revise our prejudices, and conclude that "confusion" rather than "speed" is the real problem. Confusion and speed are, of course, interrelated. Presumably there would be no serious accidents at all if no road users travelled at more than 3 m.p.h. But civilised nations assume that a speed of 20 m.p.h. at least is desirable for road traffic, and since none but racing cyclists attain a speed of 20 m.p.h. on level roads, and cyclists are held responsible for one accident out of every six, reformers must evidently cope with "confusion" rather than with high speed in their efforts to reduce this awful toll of life and limb.

At this stage of the reflections quite another aspect leaps into view. "Confusion" depends partly on the individual . . . the inexperienced infant, the agitated old man or woman, the frightened cyclist, the dazzled motorist, and so forth. It depends partly on the volume of traffic. It depends partly on the nature of the road, such as a blind or confusing road junction. This last item is important. We prate of the expense of developing our road system. But during 1934 only 6 per cent. of the gross revenue from motor taxation was applied to road improvements. As a nation we spent more on road improvement in 1925 than we spent in 1934, though motor taxation produced fifty million pounds more revenue last year than in 1925. It is clearly the Chancellor's business to suggest how much of the motor tax revenue can be applied to road schemes. But if the entire motor tax revenue had been devoted to road development, this factor of "confusion" could obviously have been reduced by an enormous percentage. The money diverted from the roads by repudiation of the pledges given to the nation when high motor taxes were first adopted, would have sufficed to safeguard hundreds of perilous crossings; to provide thousands of miles of additional footways and cycleways; to lay hundreds of miles of new motor roads; to widen existing motorways; and to bisect wide and confusing motor ways into up and down tracks.

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ROUTLEDGE

Our present Minister of Transport is unquestionably tackling "confusion" by extending "control." It is less certain that he is applying his experimental controls very wisely. The pedestrian crossings are already largely a dead letter, perhaps because there are far too many of them, and the orange beacons are at best not sufficiently decisive. Experience suggests that pedestrian crossings should be tolerably widely spaced, and decisively controlled by lights or by pointsmen. He has done little to extend control of road junctions. He has done nothing to control infants. His speed controls in built-up areas, judged by his own statistics, are largely unnecessary and fruitless. This is in no sense a criticism of his general policy. He was confronted by a bewildering problem, on which few scientific data were available. But he has now identified "confusion" as the keynote of his problem. Let him set a research committee to work on this keynote, and results will accrue rapidly. For except that weakening of the faculties which comes with age and kills so many elderly pedestrians, almost all the categories of "confusion" are susceptible of some form of control.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 293

Set by V. S. Pritchett

I was walking down a London street one night when a young man and young woman came suddenly round the corner. As they turned the young lady took off her hat and cried, "I will never be the same woman again." The usual prizes are offered for a reconstruction of this episode in not more than three verses in the manner of either Wordsworth, Browning, Hardy or T. S. Eliot. The words quoted or an approximation thereto must be used.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 1st.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

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Report by T. W. Earp

Had it been a matter of the best first word, J. V. Horne would have won easily with "Schilfbergenschloss," while for a best first sentence Mrs. Harman would have triumphed with "Tatiana Vassilievna had had six grandmothers"; but the completed paragraphs did not fulfil their openings. Others again were unsatisfactory, because they fulfilled themselves. Thus Gerald Summers and E. B. C. Jones sent lovely little 300-word cameos which needed no continuation. The detective beginnings were of course best for suspense, and the request should have been either for those or for "pure" literature, and not for both together. To repair this error, the second prize is awarded to Mrs. Stanwix's agreeable thrill. In the other category the desire to promise at the start as many complications of plot as possible led to entries that could only be carried out on *Anthony Adverse* lines. For the sake of the reading public it seemed best to nip such prospects in the bud. Many beginnings of a depressing realism also came in, and there is much to be said for the first paragraph that imperatively decides one to read no farther. But that was not quite the object. What was wanted was a little exercise in "saturation," as Henry James called it—the quality noted by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy in the Sherlock Holmes beginnings, apart from their subject, which puts the reader straight into the setting and engulfs him in the action. The many ladies in vague autumn landscapes who suddenly see "a figure" approaching, and the lamentable number of wives discovered wiping revolvers with which they have shot their husbands, are far from doing this. Mr. Gordon Webb cleverly begs the question, but will not have the prize, when he ends his paragraph by asserting that the rest of the book is going to be extremely interesting. On the whole, despite the mistake in naming his character with a key-word in Dickensian fashion, Mr. Page Messum compresses incident and atmosphere with most skill, and is awarded first prize.

FIRST PRIZE

DIFFICULT WOMEN

There was an uncomfortable silence at the supper table when Mr. Edward Humble broke the news to his wife and three daughters, that his employers had retired him.

From time to time he had timidly hinted that as he was getting on in years such a contingency might arise, but nobody seemed to hear him, and now the bolt had fallen.

He had spoken apologetically as if he had done them a grievous wrong, realising by the look of consternation on their faces that his retirement meant a radical change in their lives.

"You must have known this was going to happen some months ago, yet you have never mentioned it," said his wife severely.

Mr. Humble dropped his eyes, then after a pause, he looked up.

"To tell you the truth," he pleaded, "I didn't like to, although you must admit, my dear, I have often suggested that such a thing would happen in course of time."

He spoke cautiously, like a prisoner under cross-examination.

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He breathed heavily while he was speaking, and when he stopped, all he heard was the ticking of the clock.

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SECOND PRIZE

AN OPENING PARAGRAPH FOR A NOVEL

It was a bitterly cold night in January when Emily Read, the stout, new cook at The Grey House on the Moor, cuddling a hot-water bottle, trudged up the last long flight of stairs to her fireless bedroom in the attic.

As the cook opened the door a blast of icy air made her shiver; it was such a drastic contrast to the overheated kitchen she had just left.

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"They'll have to give me some kind of a fire," she said, "if this weather continues, I'm not going to die of pneumonia as the last cook did—at least that's what they say she died from."

Having locked the bedroom door Emily took out a flask of whisky from her trunk, and poured a little of it into a small glass which she had brought upstairs from the kitchen.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, her mind full of her new job, the cook sipped her whisky like a connoisseur, while she nursed the hot-water bottle which she had thoughtfully wrapped in her nightgown.

By the time Emily had finished the whisky, her nightgown was nicely warmed, so she slipped the hot bottle into the bed and began to undress.

When the cook came to her high-necked woollen vest, she chuckled softly as she pulled it up over her head and revealed the hairy chest of Inspector Glow.

AMY ANN STANWIX

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 148.—SOCCER

Our football club runs five teams, grandiloquently known as the Athenians, the Boeotians, the Corinthians, the Spartans, and the Trojans.

Recently another club brought five teams to play against ours. The matches were spread over a week. Each of our teams met each of the visiting five once, each group of five matches being played simultaneously and constituting one round.

The following data have been collected from various reports in the press:

The Spartans, in the last round, played the team who beat the Trojans in the second.

The same team played the Trojans in the fourth round and the Athenians in the fifth.

In the first round the Spartans lost to the team who were beaten in the following round by the Athenians.

The same team played the Boeotians in the third round and the Trojans in the fourth.

The team beaten by the Corinthians in the last round had drawn with the Athenians in the third.

Who, in the last round, played against the team that beat the Boeotians in the second?

PROBLEM 146.—ANAGRAMS

For each separate event the five points may be partitioned thus:

5	0	0	0
4	1	0	0
3	2	0	0
3	1	1	0
2	2	1	0
2	1	1	1

With wins and losses as under:

15	−5	−5	−5
11	−1	−5	−5
7	3	−5	−5
7	−1	−1	−5
3	3	−1	−5
3	−1	−1	−1

Hence Speller's minimum win is 12 and Wordsworth's maximum is 24. These, then, are their respective scores.

But this means that Prosy can only have solved his anagram when Wordsworth was the setter. The complete table [not required for the purposes of the answer] is:

Setter.	Points Scored.				
	Sp.	W.	L.	Sh.	P.
Speller	—	15	−5	− 5	− 5
Wordsworth ..	3	—	−1	− 1	− 1
Letterboy	3	3	—	− 1	− 5
Shuffleham ..	3	3	−1	—	− 5
Prosy	3	3	−1	− 5	—
Aggregates ..	12	24	−8	−12	−16

I.e., *Wordsworth set the anagram solved by Prosy.*

The actual anagrams published were a red-herring, of course. Besides, a number of our solvers take pleasure in such things.

PROBLEM 145.—THE FORGETFUL SAVERS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: J. R. du Parcq, 4 Whitehall Court, S.W.1.

Five points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

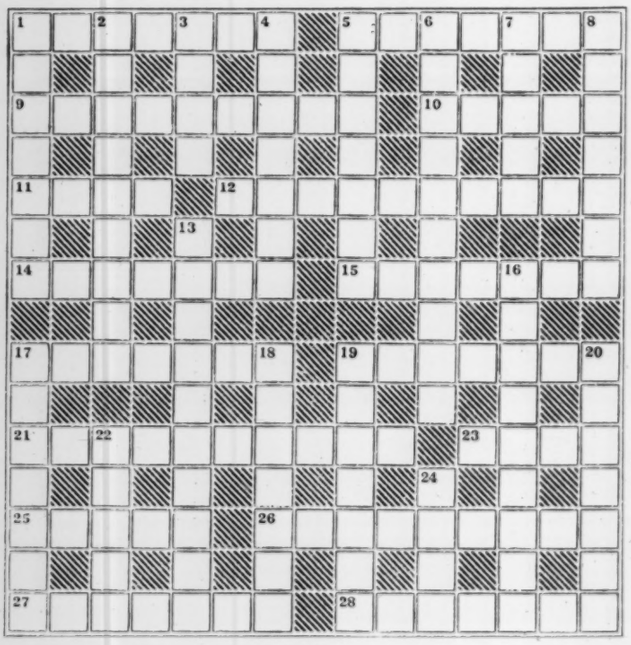
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 294

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
P. Nichols, 48 Church Way, Whetstone, N.20

ACROSS

1. Are you wicked? Ungrammatically you are.
5. This distinguishes the coloured races.
9. Cook a chop with gusto.
10. A boa? Yes, and also a degree more.
11. Bolshevist description of the line of the southern part of the States?
12. Where things are put to keep till wanted, people for keeps because unwanted.
14. It isn't every one that goes in for *thés dansants* in spite of appearances.
15. Incompletely unfair.
17. Result of the creature in 5 across getting crusty.
19. Vermin return about 3ft. 9in. long.
21. Such an one could obviously never be a broad person.
23. Cooking vessels backbite.
25. Not a strong drink in the afternoon.
26. Its security caused more trouble than that of any other of its century.
27. The Scarlet Woman in the leading part?
28. Lawful disuse.

DOWN

1. Cannot be too highly strung.
2. Influence impossible in a flat, however palatial.
3 & 24. Handed over the money to a son for the organ.
4. "Entirely" exploded so to speak.
5. Uncle's idea of father's dance.
6. One puts one's ball on this colour.
7. 'Ow 'e went on 'orseback.
8. The carpenter's condition when he ate oysters.
13. He works in a countermarching way.
16. What we Britons are made by our surroundings.
17. Peas set in currency.
18. What one did to get blown out?
19. A Scottish dominie.
20. Decorate again up and down.
22. Where Christians were lionised.
24. See 3.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

DARKSTARS ASTRA
U O E N R R A I
CABRANK ABSALOM
A I M L D E E L
LINEAHEAD NOONE
G N T H A F S
BOOT ISRAELITES
U O T S W L
MIDSHIPMAN GOBY
P F E L P B C
EVENS EMPLOYING
D L S A R T T R
OILCANS OUTSIDE
F O L E V L E E
FOWEY STEVENSON

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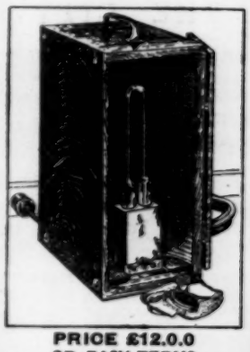
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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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INDIAN STUDENT wants accommodation with family, Hampstead or Golders Green. Partial board. Box 937, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BAYSWATER.—Lady (25), desires another share her flat, own room (unfurnished), 13s. References exchanged if desired. Box 942, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.2.

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE ELECTION—SIR S. HOARE AND ARMAMENT SHARES—SHORT BROTHERS—KAFFIRS AND WEST SPRINGS—INVESTMENT TRUSTS

THIS time there is to be no Stock Exchange market in election "majorities." The differences which had to be met at the last election were so large that if a much bigger business had been transacted some failures might have been reported on the Stock Exchange. The Committee has therefore decided that jobbing in majorities must cease. After all, since gambling in stocks and shares has become so respectable and well organised, why introduce the disreputable and dangerous gamble of politics? The Stock Exchange must be kept pure. The City's estimates of the election results give from 100 to 200 gains to Labour—in other words, a handsome, workable majority for the National Government. There is no sign of any nervous tendency to sell Bank of England stock or the shares of the joint stock banks. The nationalisation of transport, coal, electricity and gas remain, so far as the stock markets are concerned, matters of only academic interest. Last year a City house sent a representative to the Labour Party Congress with a watching brief. This year Brighton meant nothing to the City—except the usual week-end pleasure. The election, in fact, has so far excited very little interest. For the present the predominant feeling on the Stock Exchange is profound gratitude to Sir Samuel Hoare for breaking the tension between Great Britain and Italy. The all-round increase in Stock Exchange business on Wednesday was impressive and in the gilt-edged section the advance in prices was notably steep because "bears" rushed to cover in a market scantily supplied with stock. My advice is not to follow this rise, but to wait until the possibilities of the election are better realised.

* * *

To return to this market recovery. Making due allowances for the technical market conditions the recovery is genuine enough, because it springs from the realisation that the League of Nations has failed to stop a war and that its failure to secure united action on sanctions of a drastic kind has ensured peace in the Mediterranean. This, of course, is a short-sighted view, ignoring as it does the German menace, but I have previously argued (albeit cynically) that the *immediate* interests of the investor lay in the continuation of the Abyssinian war, in the collapse of the League system and the destruction of the bridge linking Great Britain and the Continent. Doubts about the success of the League have already weakened part of the bridge and induced the liberal-minded Mr. Baldwin to call for re-armament. At the moment there is a disposition to refrain from armament share buying until the full re-armament programme of the National Government is declared, but in view of the appreciation which has already been enjoyed in this market the pause may be regarded as a breathing space—a consolidation before the post-election advance is begun. The following table shows the rises which have occurred in select armament shares this year:

	1935.			Market Valuation of Equity Capital at	
	Low.	High.	Present Price.	Low 1935.	Present.
Vickers 6/8 Ord. ..	8/9	18/–	18/–	£5,388	£11,084
John Brown 6/– Ord. ..	4/–	18/7½	18/–	783	3,525
Hadfields 10/– Ord. ..	8/3	18/10½	18/–	767	1,674
Shipbuilding Group.					
Cammell Laird 5/– Ord.	2/3	7/7	7/6	431	1,436
Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson £1 Ord. ..	13/10	25/3	25/3	1,183	2,160
J. Samuel White 5/– Ord.	7½d.	4/3	4/3	35	238
Yarrow and Co. £1 Ord.	36/7	68/–	68/–	274	510
Aircraft Group.					
Handley Page 8/– Non-cum. Part. Pref. Ord.	11/6*	29/10½	29/10½	286	744
Hawker Aircraft 5/– Ord.	18/7*	34/–	31/3	1,487	2,500
Rolls-Royce £1 Stock ..	£3 5/16*	£8 3/8	£7 1/16 x.d.	2,985	5,978

* 1934 Low.

The total appreciation in these equity shares has been approximately 120 per cent.—from £13,619,000 to £29,849,000 in market valuation. With the exception of Vickers and the aircraft manufacturers, profits have not yet shown anything approaching this advance. But the market lives and moves on hopes.

The introduction to the Stock Exchange this week of Short Brothers shares is another fine advertisement for aircraft manufacturing profits. Short Brothers are the very successful designers and builders of flying boats. They are responsible for the "Singapore" class used by the Royal Air Force and the "Calcutta" machines used by Imperial Airways on the route to Africa and India. They are now building a new fleet of flying boats for Imperial Airways with a higher speed and improved accommodation for passengers. The issued capital of the company in August was £122,504 in shares of 10*s*. In October the shares were sub-divided into 5*s*. shares and the capital was increased by the issue of £27,496 worth of 5*s*. ordinary shares at par to members of the company pro rata to their existing holdings. The Short family has now sold 250,000 shares of 5*s*. to Messrs. Erlangers, Ltd., at 23*s*. 4*d*. and has given them an option up to April 1937 on 37,500 additional shares at 25*s*. and a further 37,500 at 27*s*. 6*d*. The shares were introduced on the Stock Exchange this week at 32*s*. 6*d*. which will show a handsome profit to the finance house and make all the original members of the company feel considerably wealthier. The profits of the company rose from £12,467 in 1933/4 to £68,747 in the year ending June, 1935 which included £24,586 from the sale of rights and royalties. For the current year the directors estimate profits at not less than £75,000, exclusive of the sale of rights and royalties, so that the company appears to be earning profits at the rate of about 60 per cent. on its issued capital of £150,000. This, I imagine, is normal for an aircraft manufacturer to-day. The Bristol Aeroplane Company is probably earning much about the same. Bristol Aeroplane shares, I may recall, were acquired by the finance house concerned at 37*s*. 6*d*. and came on offer to the public on the Stock Exchange in June at 56*s*. 6*d*. They are now standing at 69*s*. If the floating supply of prosperous aircraft company shares is so small that the investing public has no chance of acquiring a holding except at fancy prices, why are these "introductions" allowed?

* * *

The Kaffir market was prominent in the Stock Exchange boomlet this week. A recovery in gold shares is overdue. A Government Committee is at present sitting in Johannesburg to consider a revision of the taxation system and it is rumoured that a flat tax of 40 per cent. may replace the present complications. Companies would be variously affected—some adversely, some favourably. Randfontein is probably among the former: West Springs among the latter. Everything depends upon the grade of ore now being mined and the grade of the reserves. West Springs, for example, is being forced by the present system of taxation to "undermine" to the extent of 1.9 dwt., but a flat tax of 40 per cent. would enable it to mill ore to the value of 4 dwt. I do not advise selling good Kaffir shares on taxation guesses, but buying West Springs is different.

* * *

"At any rate," remarked a friend who considered that I had been too critical of fixed trusts, "there is a better market in the sub-units of the fixed trusts than in the stocks of the oldest and swellest of the management trusts quoted on the Stock Exchange." This is true—at the moment. But when the wheel of the trade cycle turns and company profits enter on their decline, there will be awkward markets in the fixed trust sub-units—there will be "sellers only." As for the management trusts, marketability could be improved if the "groups" which manage several companies were to amalgamate them. For example, a holding company might be formed by each group to take over the assets of the constituent companies and the shareholders of each company might be asked to exchange their stock for stock of the holding company on the basis of respective break-up values. If the stocks of the new holding companies were to be divided into units of £1 a much freer market would then obtain on the Stock Exchange. This suggestion is made with the painful consciousness that it would involve a sacrifice of directors' fees—a sacrifice even of directors' jobs—but I am sure that noble-minded financiers will put the interests of the investor before their own selfish gain. Besides, if an institution does not rationalise itself voluntarily, the day may come when rationalisation is forced upon it from outside. It is worth mentioning that the Co-operative Investment Trusts, which are management trusts having shares of low denomination (2*s*.), have been running for some time a members' dealing department. Shares can be bought and sold at around their break-up value and the market is actually freer than that of the Stock Exchange in the "heavy" trusts. I pray that my suggestion for improving marketability will not go unheeded by the financial lords.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., Sat.

ALHAMBRA. Tulip Time. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. Espionage. Wed. & Sat.

DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.

HIPPODROME. Please Teacher! Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.

PHOENIX. The Unguarded Hour. Thurs., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. A B'fly on the Wheel. Th., S.

S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tu., F.

SAVOY. The Wind and the Rain. Mon., Sat.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.

VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.

WESTMINSTER. Lady Patricia. Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
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Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
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ESPIONAGE.

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HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
OVER 160 PERFORMANCES.

DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
with LYN HARDING, BARRY JONES.

DUCHESS, (Tem. 8243.) Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

KINGSWAY. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. HOL. 4032.
"RIVALS!" A LIGHT OPERA.
Produced by Vladimir Rosing.
"A VERY BRIGHT AND ATTRACTIVE SHOW."
—*Daily Telegraph.*

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
Gilbert Miller presents
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Cornelius. By J. B. Priestley.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings 7.30.
Green Grow the Lilacs. By Lynn Riggs.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Mid-Channel. By Arthur Pinero.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

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